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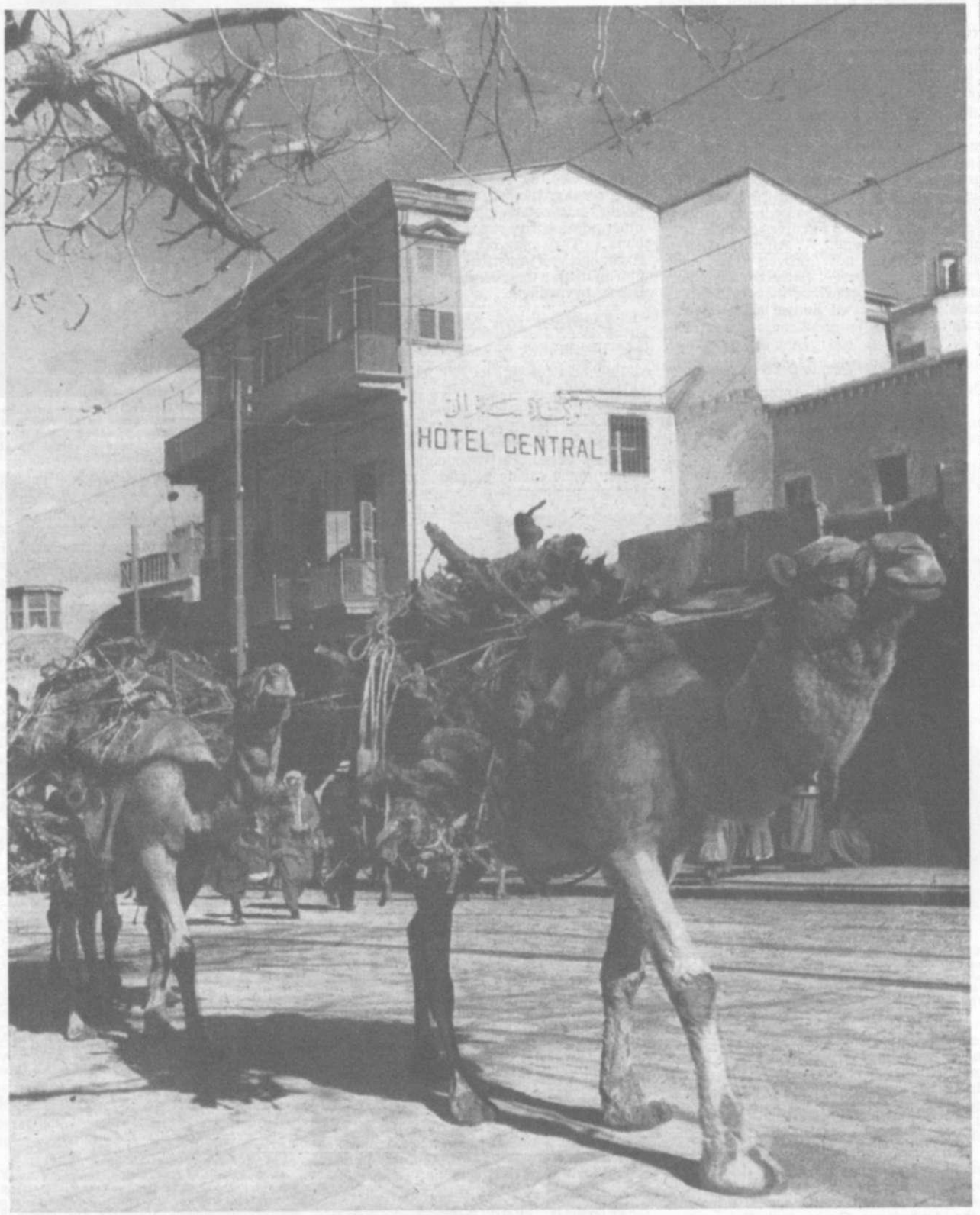
FOURPENCE

Edited by Sir John Hammerton

WEEKLY



IN DAMASCUS, where the British and Free French forces have been fighting against General Dentz, who is defending Syria for Vichy France. On June 19, General Sir. Henry Maitland Wilson appealed to Dentz to declare Damascus an open city, and thus save bloodshed and destruction, but, having received no response our troops attacked and the city fell on June 21. Reputed to be the oldest city in the world, Damascus is full of picturesque contrasts. In this photograph laden camels roll along the electric-tram route. *Photo, Mrs. T. Muir.*

Our Searchlight on the War

Goebbels Censored

ON June 13 Berlin readers of Goebbels' paper, "Voelkischer Beobachter," asked for it in vain at the news-stands, being told that the Gestapo had seized almost the entire issue at 6 a.m. Curiosity, whetted by this latest sign of the long-standing feud between Goebbels and Himmler, the Gestapo Chief, was allayed when a later re-printed edition was examined and it was reported that an article by the Minister of Propaganda himself had been omitted. The article was entitled "Crete as an Example," and jeered at British anti-invasion practice and the instruction of the population by means of 15 million pamphlets. All this, said Goebbels, was based on the assumption of the British Ministry of Information that the invasion of Britain would follow the same lines as that of Greece, whereas "the Fuehrer acts differently from what is expected." After saying that parachutists had now proved their value, Goebbels wound up: "Hitherto it has been Germany's lot to convince the world not by words but by facts. So we shall have to create these facts."

St. George Up-to-Date

THE British-American Ambulance Corps is benefiting by the sale throughout America of a poster stamp, representing a modern St. George and the Dragon, designed by the Polish painter and illuminator, Arthur Szyk. Grimly intent beneath his tin hat, a British Tommy bestrides an equally determined war-horse and drives his lance into the Nazi dragon, a revolting beast whose segmented tail is trimmed with swastikas and ends in the poisonous forked tongue of a serpent about to strike the saint from the rear. Sheets from the first and limited issue of the stamp were presented to King George VI, Mr. Churchill, President Roosevelt, General Sikorski and General de Gaulle. Proceeds from the sales will be divided between various war relief organizations run by the Ambulance Corps, including ambulances for the R.A.F., vitamin capsules for British children, motor ambulances to be used in desert warfare and medical and surgical supplies. Arthur Szyk has lived in England for about four years and held an exhibition here in July, 1940. His work is well-known in the States, for in the White House are thirty-eight of his paintings depicting the American Revolution, which were given to President Roosevelt in 1935 by Professor Moscicki, former President of Poland.

ENGLAND'S MODERN ST. GEORGE and the German dragon, a poster stamp issued in the United States and now being sold there in aid of the British-American Ambulance Corps. The traditional Saint is in the guise of a British soldier thrusting at the Nazi reptile. It is the work of Arthur Szyk, famous Polish artist, and is dedicated to Mr. Winston Churchill.

Anti-Jew Laws in France

MARSHAL PETAIN has recently signed a statute which places stringent prohibitions upon Jews in both Occupied and Un-Occupied France. Such individuals may not hold office in civil or municipal service; they are debarred from Army rank, whether commissioned or not, and they are excluded from all the liberal professions. They are not allowed to engage in any occupation which brings them in direct contact with the public, particularly as director, secretary or other administrator of a public company or a bank. They may not practise on the Stock Exchange, nor may they be employed in the film industry, the cinema, the theatre, at the Bar or in medicine.

Devices for Saving Pilots

BRITISH airmen who may have been shot down over the sea stand a better chance of survival than when the Battle of Britain was raging. At that time they depended on their life-jackets to keep them afloat until picked up, but since then several new devices have been put into use by the Ministry of Aircraft Production which will result in the saving of many valuable lives. One of the latest is a cushion which can be easily stowed inside even a fighter aircraft, since it measures only 15 inches square by 3 inches thick. Inside this cushion are packed an incredible number of appliances, comprising an inflatable rubber dinghy, a sea anchor, paddles, rations, distress signals, repair kit, baler, and a hand-pump for use if the automatic inflator fails to work. The dinghy, when properly inflated, will support a crew consisting of any number up to eight.

War Exports

LAST year 5,000,000 yards of gut for music-strings were exported from Britain to various parts of the world. The gut comes from Scottish sheep, and 25 yards of it, obtainable from a single animal, will furnish six "A" violin strings. New Zealand, it is interesting to note, is the biggest importer of 'cello strings, and Australia of those for the harp. One British firm last year sent abroad 4,000,000 gramophone records, which included many made by Mr. Churchill quoting passages from his own trenchant and inspiring speeches. Sales to America of rare books bring to Britain an annual income of over a million dollars.

Woman Who Saved a Ship

A COMMUNAL restaurant in Battersea, inaugurated on June 11, has been named after Miss Victoria Drummond, the only woman serving with the British Merchant Navy, the only woman with a Board of Trade certificate for ship's engineering. Daughter of a lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria, whose godchild she was, Miss Drummond, after serving her apprenticeship, rose to be second engineer. Captain Warner, the master of her ship, recently paid a tribute to her skill and fortitude. Here is what he said: "When the bombs were falling around us, with the ship thrown about by explosions, Miss Drummond had such control over her nerves that she inspired every man down below to give his best. We owe our lives and the ship to her in conditions that can only be called hellish." When after this nightmare voyage the vessel docked at Norfolk, Virginia, the story of the second engineer got about, and the local inhabitants enthusiastically collected £400 as a tribute to her heroism. It is this sum, handed by Miss Drummond to the Communal Kitchens Committee, which has now resulted in sixpenny lunches for Battersea workmen.

MISS V. A. DRUMMOND, the only woman ship's engineer sailing the seas. Her professional skill and courage saved a British merchant ship when attacked by Nazi bombers.
Photo, "Daily Mirror"

THE AIR BATTLE OF BRITAIN

CIVILIAN LOSSES
Casualties for 9 Months

	Killed	Injured	Total
Sept. 1940	6,954	10,615	17,569
Oct.	6,334	8,695	15,029
Nov.	4,588	6,202	10,790
Dec.	3,793	5,044	8,837
Jan. 1941	1,502	2,012	3,514
Feb.	789	1,068	1,857
March	4,259	5,557	9,816
April	6,065	6,926	12,991
May	5,394	5,181	10,575
Totals	39,678	51,300	90,978

Of the 5,394 killed in May: Men, 2,930; Women, 1,835; Under 16, 416; Unclassified, 213. Missing (in addition), 75.

THE NAZI LOSSES BY NIGHT, IN 1941

Jan.	15	April	90
Feb.	15	May	151
March	47	June 1-15	22

Total to Jan.-June 15: 340
Probable total of Air Crew: 1,360

Air-Commodore Goddard, broadcasting June 15 on percentages of night raiders brought down, stated that: January 1941 showed substantial improvement on the previous six months; February and March, further improvement; April, twice as good as January; May, four times percentage of January.

TOTAL AIR LOSSES OVER BRITAIN
September 1939—June 10, 1941

Enemy	3,529
R.A.F.	882 (with 439 Pilots saved)

The Way of the War

GREATEST EVENT SINCE THE FALL OF FRANCE

A New Chapter Opens With Germany's Attack on Russia

By the Editor

THIS commentary on the War situation must differ radically from that which, at the moment of going to press, it replaces. The reason for a new angle of observation is too obvious to need stressing. The unprinted article made a rapid review of the strange tangle of recent events that had brought us to an opening into the dark forest of the future where many "paths of destiny" trailed away into gloom. Russia's preparations to meet a German onslaught was the theme. Before the ink was quite dry, however, Hitler had struck: his pact of eternal friendship between Nazis and Bolshevists had been dishonoured like every pledge, pact, and promise the Supreme Liar of all the ages had ever made. "Eternity" for this one had lasted barely twenty-two months! His latest pact—with Turkey—specifies ten years. At the ratio of eternity to ten years we may regard the Turkish pact as already forsworn by Hitler.

ONLY those—and they were not a few—foolish enough to believe that so vast a military demonstration as that which Germany had prepared against her temporary friend was a bluff to disguise action elsewhere. With deep disgust one recalls the photograph in the first number of THE WAR ILLUSTRATED showing a smiling Stalin shaking hands with a happy Ribbentrop on the signing of the pact which plunged the whole world into war. Our pages give many glimpses of Stalin and Molotov rejoicing in association with the bloodthirsty leaders of Germany. These are worth looking at again after listening to Molotov's broadcast of Sunday morning June 22nd.

IN the suppressed article above mentioned I minced no words about Soviet Russia and her dictator's reasons for tieing up with the Nazi gangsters; and in her plight today none but the most obtuse will deny that it "serves her right." Our own Leader has been an inveterate critic of Soviet politics, nor is he likely to change his opinion of the so-called dictatorship of the proletariat. The Chamberlain Government exhausted every reasonable means to secure Russian cooperation against the threatening Hitler War, and was entirely willing that the Soviets should work out their own national salvation within their own vast boundaries. To no purpose. Stalin shook hands with Hitler's minions under promises of territorial acquisition if he stood by while the Nazis started the world conflagration by destroying Poland. Stalin and his nearest associates were callously indifferent to the fate of France, Britain and all the other free nations of Europe. They made Hitler's subsequent conquests possible by their indifference.

WHY? In the judgement of those who were best informed the whole Soviet structure at that time was too rickety to risk war with Germany. The sorry achievements of the Red Army in its onslaught upon Finland in the winter of 1939–40 will never be forgotten. Sir Stafford Cripps' mission to Moscow looked the other day as though it might have given him material for a companion volume to Sir Neville Henderson's "Failure of a Mission," and even now it might be wrong to suppose that it was a success. The swift and imperious policy of Hitler in reaching out for big results may have had nothing at all to do with any Soviet change of heart resulting from the Cripps mission. It may be in the same order of things as the tearing of the scrap of paper in August 1914. Almost certainly it is.

"WE are both Orientals," said Stalin to Matsuoka when fixing up his recent pact with Japan. Wily Orientals? Perhaps not so wily as they imagine. There is more deceit and cunning and sheer devilishness in the occidental ogre of Berlin than in any living scoundrel or gang of scoundrels the Orient can produce. And that is why Stalin finds himself today fighting for the life of his Soviet republics against the might of Nazi Germany, to whom he turned, with disdain of Britain when Britain, with Russia's collaboration, could have saved the world from the welter of blood and ruin into which it has been driven.

M. IVAN MAISKY, Ambassador of the U.S.S.R. in Great Britain since 1932, had a long interview with Mr. Eden on June 22, as soon as Hitler's onslaught on Russia became known. *Photo, G.P.U.*

BUT there is this in the sea-change that has overtaken Democracy's relations with Bolshevism: Russia is now at war with Germany, and every nation, whatever its interior politics, its creed, or colour, that is crossing swords with Nazidom is helping Democracy to withstand and overcome its vilest foe. Thus, no matter the method or manner of Russia's arrival at Britain's side, our duty to support the Soviet in arms is clear and consistent. The cunning with which the Nazi attack on Russia has been designed is seen in the plan whereby all the Balkan nations that were Russia's potential allies were first put under Hitler's heel and even Turkey induced to sign a peace pact which was the final signal for attacking Russia, just as the Nazi-Soviet pact was the prelude to the rape of Poland.

WE are none too well informed as to Russia's military potential, but as the Nazis have had nearly two years of unrestricted opportunity to discover that for themselves, we may take it that Hitler is confident the German machine can wreak swift destruction on the Soviet forces and then delve deeply into the Leviathan carcass of Russia for all that he requires in the way of wheat, coal and oil—especially "heavy oil"—to carry on the Long War which he must now envisage, having so patently lost the Short War he had banked upon when he unleashed his legions in 1939. For, though this fourth climacteric of the War, as the Prime Minister has just described it, will give it an entirely new direction, and tend to lengthen, not to shorten, its duration.

DOUBTLESS the scheme of things in the Nazi brain is so to subjugate the whole continent of Europe and to penetrate some way into Asia, crushing all who refuse to "collaborate" in founding his New Order—Bulgaria, Rumania, and Vichy France already actively participating—until he feels the stage is set for the *grand finale*—the victorious invasion of Great Britain and collapse of the British Empire. A grandiose plan and worth his trying—perhaps. But much will happen before our Home Guards are shooting down the paratroops as they descend upon our island. One thing may be enough to dissolve the dream: the mere massiveness of Russia. Just as the rapacious military Japanese will never conquer the peace-loving Chinese and their immense territories, so not even the mechanized might of Germany and her jackals may be able to overrun that sixth of the world which is Russia, whose 160,000,000 have at least achieved under Soviet rule a national consciousness that never existed under the Tsarist tyranny. The certainty of famine in the land, worse than any visitation of the past, will not improve matters for the aggressors, though Napoleon's retreat from Moscow is hardly an apt comparison of what awaits the mechanized hosts of Hitler.

ASSUREDLY this is one of the greatest hours of the Second World War—so momentous that all speculation as to its outcome is vain: the implications and repercussions of the Nazi move being so many and diverse. But it is a heartening fact that at this very hour Britain's power in the air is daily going from strength to strength. Those daylight sweeps in which our glorious R.A.F. are repeating over Nazi France their immortal victories of the Battle of Britain in 1940 are an earnest of the swiftly approaching day when by both day and night we shall have attained such aerial supremacy that the date of the threatened attack on this the final Fortress of Freedom will be subject to further postponement and so become one with the Greek Calends.

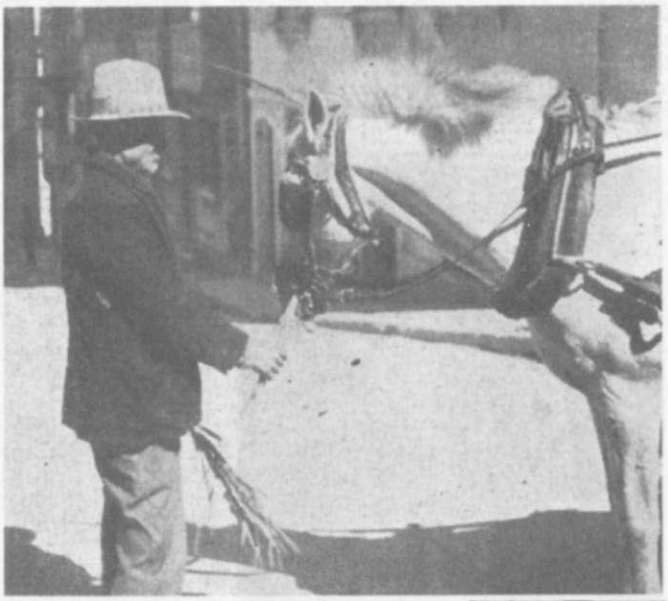
J. A. HAMMERTON

Malta is an Island of Heroes—and Heroines

For a year Malta has occupied what must be one of the most exposed positions in the British Empire. In that brief period the island has had nearly 700 air-raid Alerts and has been frequently bombed. Yet the spirit of the garrison is undaunted and the people as a whole have endured their time of testing marvellously well.

IN Malta's history of more than 3,000 years, one of the most glorious pages is that which contains the story of the great stand made by the island against the Turks in 1565. Malta was then the headquarters of the Knights of St. John, who had established themselves there some 40 years before, after the Turks had expelled them from Rhodes. The Knights numbered fewer than 10,000 all told; the forces which the Sultan sent against them were between thirty and forty thousand. For four months the siege went on, four months of almost continuous battle. The defence was heroic in the extreme, and it is on record that the Maltese women helped their men folk by rolling down great boulders on the heads of the invaders. At last, when they had lost many thousands of killed and wounded, the Turks withdrew.

Nearly 400 years have passed since that day of supreme trial, but the ancient warlike spirit of the Maltese is unsubdued. Since 1800 the island has been part of the British Dominions, and thousands of Maltese have served in the King's Own Malta Rifles and the Royal Malta Artillery, as well as the Royal Air Force. Much of the credit of their present great stand must be put down to the Maltese themselves, who have proved themselves to be very good shots; with the Bofors gun in particular they are marvellous. "They are a lively, agile people—the Maltese," said a British anti-aircraft gunner broadcasting from Malta recently, "and the Bofors seem to suit them down to the ground. They do some first-class shooting with it, and there is no holding them back from any possible target."



In the Royal Navy it would be difficult to find a man who has not at some time or other visited Malta, since the island is one of our great naval bases. But it is also a fortress, and it says much for the military engineering of the old Knights of St. John that many of the works which they constructed centuries ago are still in use today.

Many of them date from the time of the Grand Master Jehan de la Valette, who after repelling the Turks in 1565 was responsible for the "city built by gentlemen for gentlemen," which bears his name and is today the capital of the island. The landward fortifications were largely cut out of the living rock, and, screened by an outer line of works including the parade ground and the great excavated granaries of Floriana, remain a masterpiece of military architecture, just as the planning of Valletta itself, with its uniform rectangular street lines and a central group of buildings, palace, arsenal and cathedral, reflect the greatest credit on the town planner of those distant days.

These rock-cut galleries, including some which were apparently used for the housing of slaves, have been put to an excellent new use today as air-raid shelters. They have even been extended, as the soft sandstone has the quality of being easily worked. In these galleries deep underground the Maltese have learnt to take shelter, and so casualties inflicted by the numerous air raids have been very slight. Moreover, there have been very few fires caused by incendiary bombs, as the buildings are almost all of stone with stone roofs.

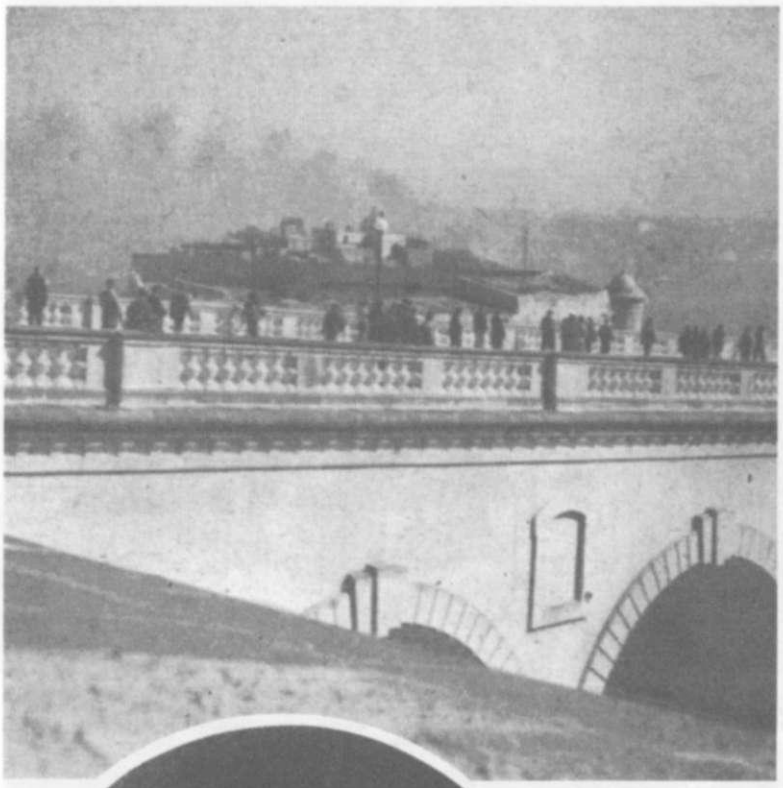
Since Italy declared war on June 10, 1940, Malta has been in imminent danger of invasion, and the threat has been intensified since the Nazi capture of Crete. But the island does not offer much scope for landing. There are, it is true, five bays where an attempt might be made, but for the rest the coast is broken and rocky, backed by high cliffs. The aerodromes built on the solid rock have been little affected by the bombing to which they have been subjected; only the surface earth, a foot or so in depth, has been disturbed, and it has been an easy matter to fill in the craters.

To quote from a recent broadcast by the Acting Governor, Lieut.-General Sir William Dobbie: "Not only will we not give up Malta, but we have no intention of allowing it to be taken from us, whether by the Germans or the Italians. We have to face the possibility of invasion, but Malta is immeasurably more capable of resisting attack than was Crete. This opinion is fully shared by responsible officers. I am saying this with the quiet confidence that I consider the circumstances justify. I know that Malta will rise to the occasion whatever is required of it. The Government and fighting services are leaving no stone unturned to ensure that Malta shall give a good account of itself and make its present history more splendid even than its past. "With God's help," the indomitable General continued, "I am confident that we shall succeed in so doing."

During the last year Malta has had very nearly 700 air raids. That the Maltese have got quite used to them is indicated by this photograph of one of Valletta's main streets taken during a daylight raid.

PEOPLE OF MALTA endure the incessant air attacks with fortitude. Centre, a Maltese coach-driver pacifying his horse during a raid. Above, a woman of 69, who has never left the island in her life, surrounded by some of Malta's younger generation. *Photos, Associated Press*

After 700 Air Raids Indomitable Still

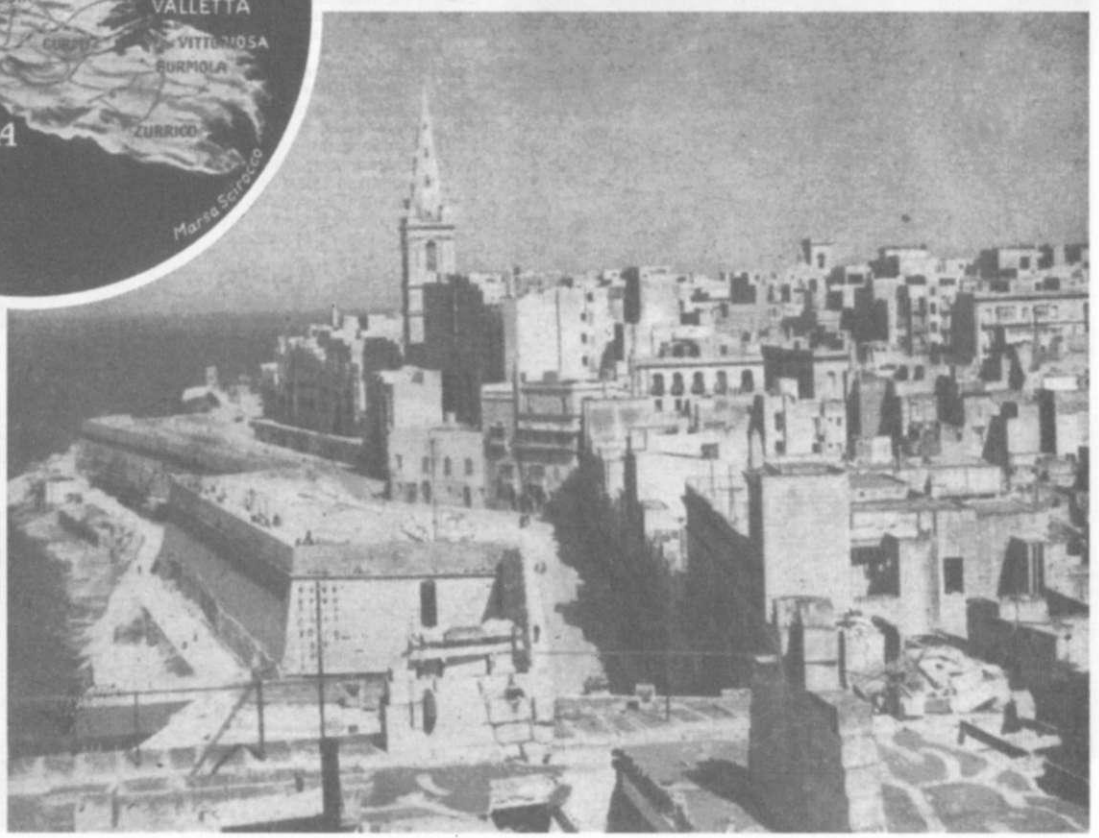


VALLETTA, Malta's capital, is one of the most bombed cities of the world. Crossing a bridge, some of its people contemplate the smoke from yet another raid. Right: workers clearing away the debris of a building destroyed by a heavy bomb.

Malta, which lies sixty miles from Sicily and about 180 from the African coast, still stands impregnably British in spite of innumerable Axis air attacks and the fulminations of the Duce. It has been in British hands since 1800, but was formally ceded to us in 1814, the year before Waterloo. And it will be British long after Italy's pinchbeck Napoleon has found his St. Helena or worse.

Valletta has been continuously bombed before and since Hitler became Italy's first dictator, but so strong are its defences that 20 per cent of the enemy aircraft were brought down. Now the Germans prefer to fly by night only and play the "tip and run" game. Other photos of Malta are given in page 496, Vol. III; but the upper photo in that page shows a gateway in Floriana, close to Valletta, and not (as is stated) in Valletta itself.

Photos, Associated Press



Where Cretans Fought for Hearth and Home

DETAILS of the part played by Greek troops in the Battle of Crete are given in a telegram received at the Greek Legation in London from the Premier, M. Tsouderos.

The Greek forces which took part in the defence of the island numbered 15,000. In addition, Cretans of all ages, among them women, formed a militia and, says M. Tsouderos, fought with insuperable self-sacrifice for their hearths and homes.

"In Canea," his message continues, "where, as is known, a terrible and bloody struggle took place, and everywhere else the Germans paid with enormous losses for their effort to subjugate Crete, an effort which succeeded only because of the overwhelming superiority in numbers of their machines.

"The Greek defence of Heraklion was particularly praiseworthy. For six consecutive days Greek soldiers kept up the fight and, proving much superior in courage, boldness and fighting capacity to the invaders, mopped up the German parachutists. This enabled the British troops to hold the aerodrome without diversion and to defend the coastal area of the town and remain masters of the situation.

"In one of many encounters all the parachutists were exterminated, but at the same time over 300 Cretans fell and a large number were wounded. British officers relate that young militiamen, boys of 17, were disarming Germans and using their arms skilfully like seasoned soldiers.

"At Retimo the sacrifices of the Greeks were also heavy. The Governor of Retimo, M. Tsagris, a former member of Parliament, and the chief constable of Retimo, are among the victims of the epic battle.

"Thus Crete has paid, as always, with heroism and self-sacrifice a bloody tribute to the shrine of liberty. Apart from the armed forces, which were decimated, thousands of non-combatants fell victims to the indiscriminate bombing and machine-gunning by the German planes. Most villages exist no more, and prosperous towns on the island like Canea and Heraklion have been turned into heaps of ruins."

CANEA, where "a terrible and bloody struggle took place," to quote M. Tsouderos, is the main seaport and capital of Crete, lying on the finest harbour of the island, Suda Bay. It had a population of about 27,000, many of whom, like the man above, were fishermen. It is now converted into a heap of ruins.

Hundreds of Cretans fell during the bloody struggle for the island. Among them may have been this butcher of Heraklion, whose only enemy hitherto had been the flies.

Women of Crete in Uniform

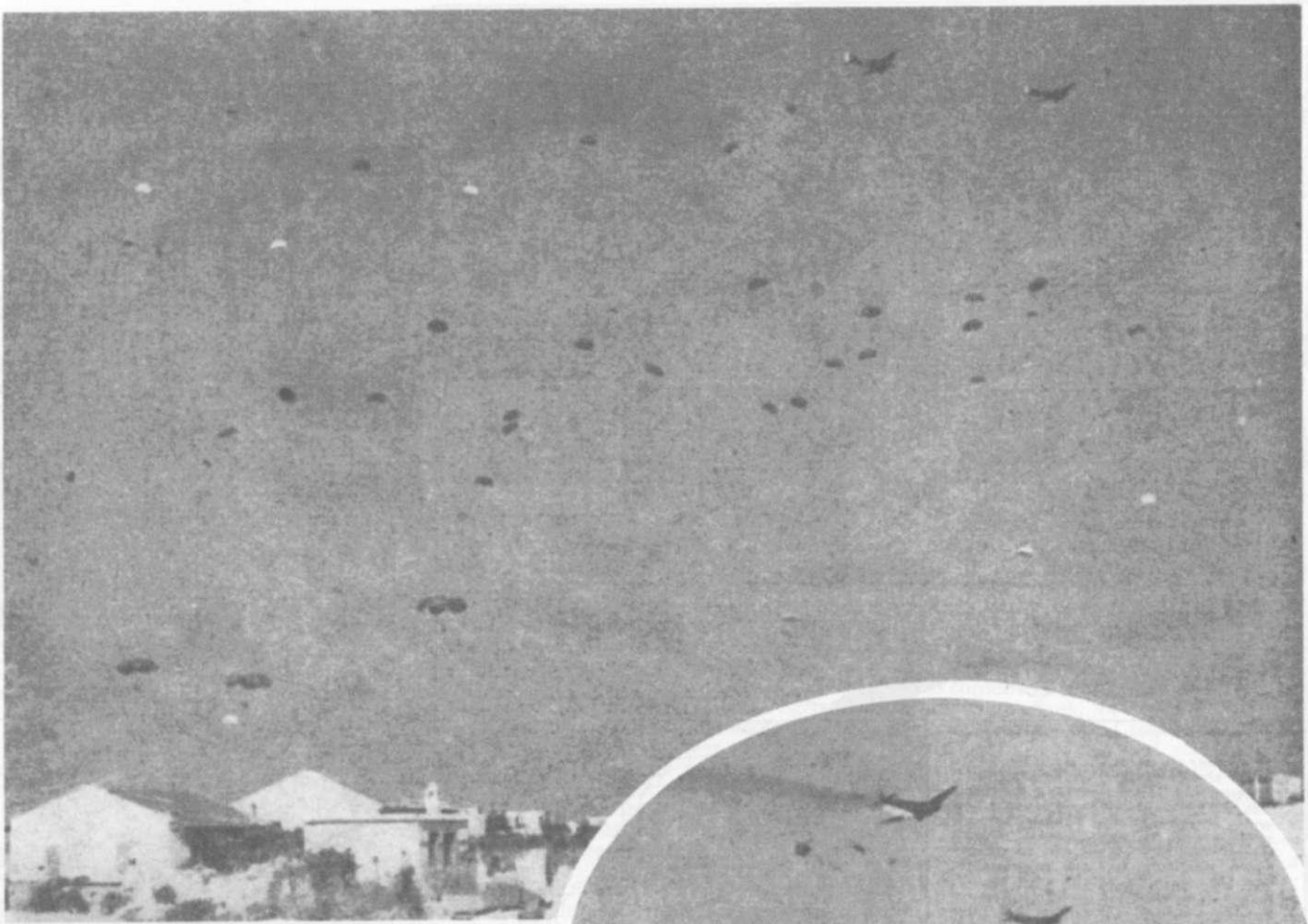
THE courage of the Cretan women, some of whom fought side by side with their menfolk in defence of their homes, makes a glorious chapter in itself. Ten of them, wearing Greek uniforms and fully armed, were taken prisoner by the Germans. They were shipped to Athens, and then on Hitler's orders sent to Berlin, the Fuehrer having expressed a wish to see them. A more ominous note was struck by the report that the Nazis had been given orders to examine the shoulders of the Cretan women and girls to see if there were any tell-tale marks of rifle-butts.

Right, a general view of the town of Retimo, where casualties were heavy and included the Governor of Retimo, M. Tsagris. This view shows the Venetian fortifications and citadel.

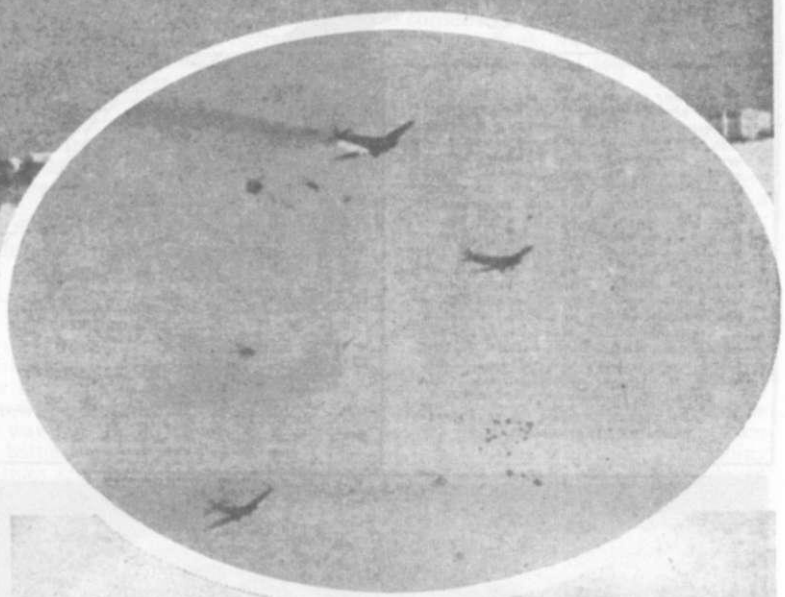
M. Tsouderos, the Greek Premier, told how Cretans of all ages, women among them, formed a militia to fight the Nazis. In the oval is seen a typical Cretan peasant girl.

Photos, Wide World, E.N.A.

From Azure Skies Into the Cretan Hell

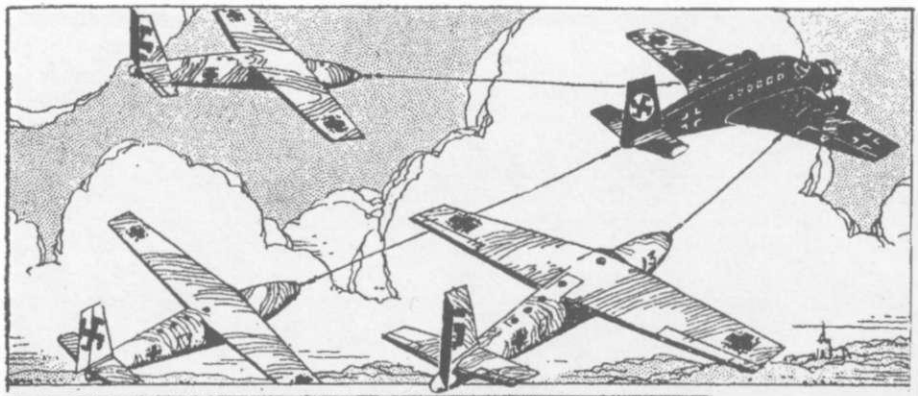


German paratroops descending near Candia, Crete. Clusters of four parachutes nearer the earth are supporting machine-guns and equipment. Right: enemy troop-plane afire after having been hit by our guns.



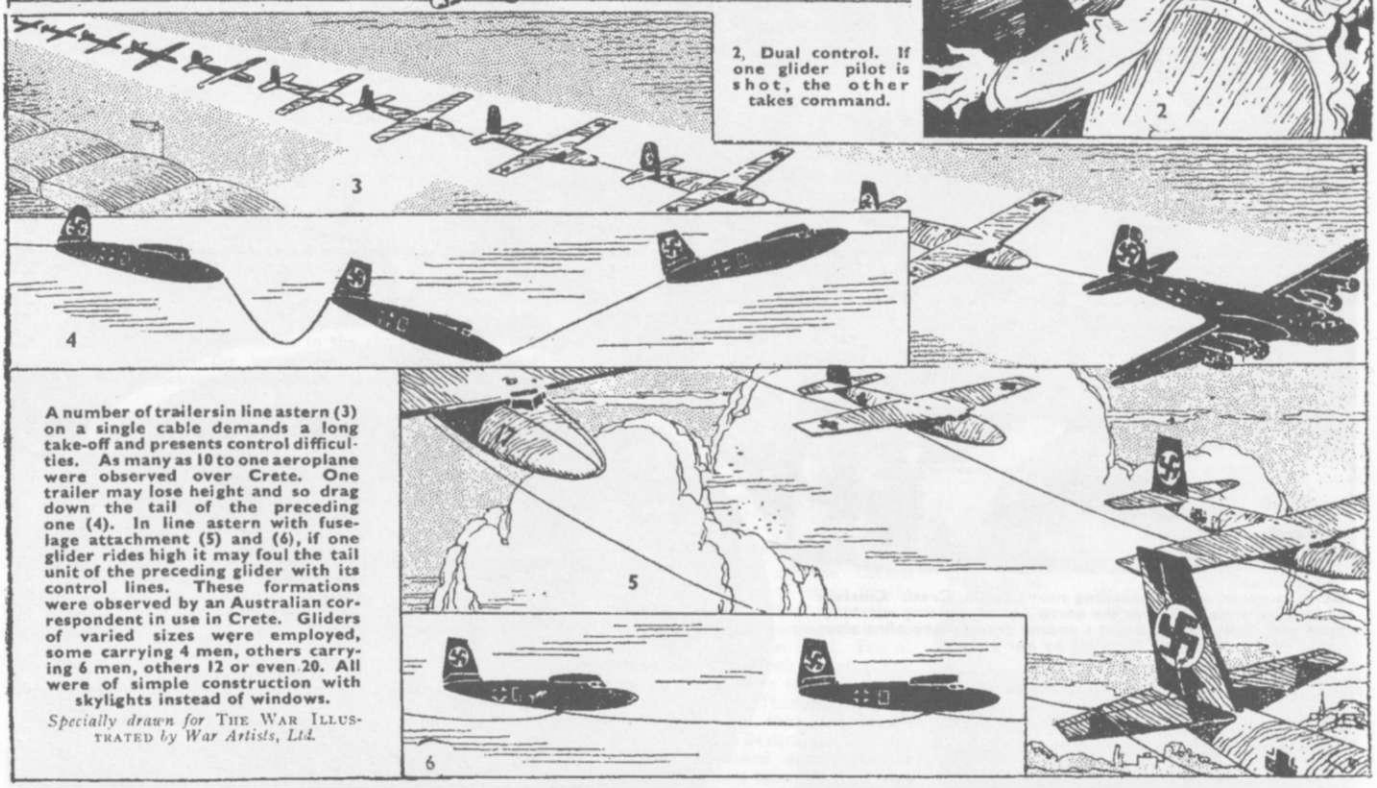
A LAND MINE exploded by British Royal Engineers to destroy Nazi supplies on Crete. On the left, a German troop-carrier has crashed in the vicinity of Heraklion aerodrome and is sending up a column of smoke and fire into which two enemy parachutists are falling. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

How the Nazis Used Gliders in Crete



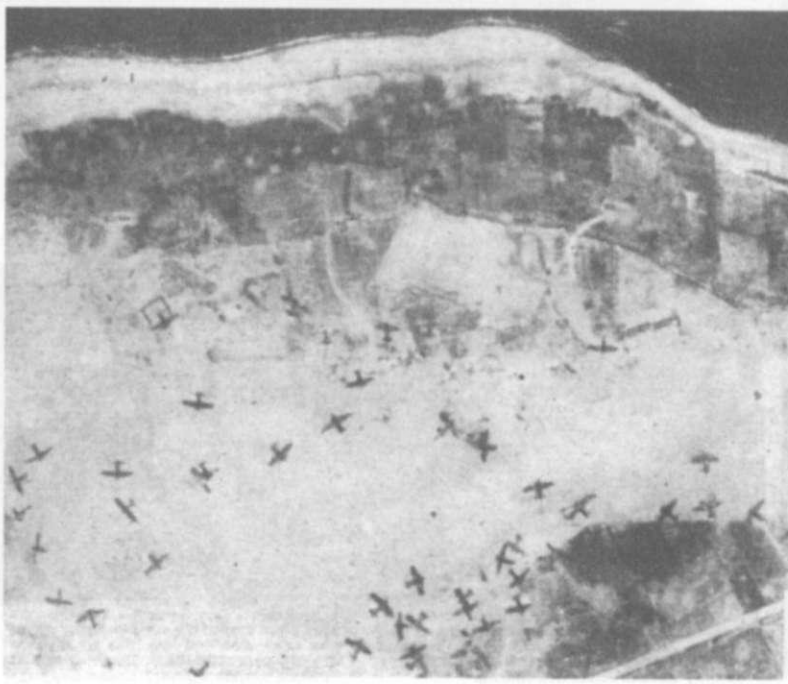
1, A German plane towing three troop-carrying gliders, or air trailers. The rear one is attached by cable to the tail unit of the towing plane ; the others to the engine nacelles. Rudder bias holds the outer trailers in correct formation. Two, three and four-engined planes were used, including the Ju 52.

2, Dual control. If one glider pilot is shot, the other takes command.



A number of trailers in line astern (3) on a single cable demands a long take-off and presents control difficulties. As many as 10 to one aeroplane were observed over Crete. One trailer may lose height and so drag down the tail of the preceding one (4). In line astern with fuselage attachment (5) and (6), if one glider rides high it may foul the tail unit of the preceding glider with its control lines. These formations were observed by an Australian correspondent in use in Crete. Gliders of varied sizes were employed, some carrying 4 men, others carrying 6 men, others 12 or even 20. All were of simple construction with skylights instead of windows.

Specially drawn for THE WAR ILLUSTRATED *by War Artists, Ltd.*



MALEME AERODROME after the German invasion of Crete. It is cluttered up with Ju 52 transport planes, many of which were crash-landed in an attempt to get the aircraft down quickly at no matter what cost.

Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright

The Battle of Sollum Triangle Was a Draw

After some weeks of comparative inactivity, the battle in Libya flared up again on Sunday, June 15, when British and Indian forces delivered a lightning stroke against the Germans in the Sollum area. The following account of the fighting is based on reports from Reuter's Correspondent.

At dawn on June 15 British and Indian forces advanced westward across the desert to attack Wadi Halfaya, better known as Hell Fire Pass, Fort Capuzzo and Sollum. A small armoured force followed the coast road, while infantry, supported by tanks and artillery, spread across the coastal plain which extends from the sea to the escarpment. Famous English and Scottish regiments attacked along the escarpment itself, and an armoured division made a wide sweep out into the desert with the audacious intention of attacking Sollum from the west, and so taking the Germans in the rear.

At the end of the first day's fighting our men had won a foothold on the slopes of Hell Fire Pass. At dawn the next day, under cover of a heavy ground mist, the attack was renewed; and within two hours the Highlanders on the left flank had driven out the Germans from their fortified positions at the head of the pass. The Indians on the right had a harder task, and all through the day the Pass lived up to its name. Meanwhile, another column of British infantry, supported by a squadron of tanks, advanced along the ridge of the escarpment, past the Egyptian barracks which stand on the headland behind Sollum, until they saw glittering beneath them in the blazing sunshine the blue waters of Sollum Bay. Sollum itself was taken, and those of its garrison who had survived were driven along the coast to join the battalion of Germans who had been occupying the shore. At noon this German force was completely cut off from support, retreat, or supplies, but nevertheless it continued to offer a stout resistance.

"Sitting a mile away from the bay," wrote Reuter's Correspondent, "halfway up the escarpment and between medium and light British guns, I watched the unhurried, relentless pounding of the trapped Germans. Hundreds of shells screamed overhead. The Germans were strung out along the edge of the bay for a considerable distance. While those farthest inland offered a spirited resistance with anti-tank guns and machine-guns, many of the Nazis on the beach stood in the water up to their necks, watching the bombs burst all around them. From where we watched it could plainly be seen that occasionally British shells were falling in the water, which must have given the Germans a trifling reminder of Dunkirk."

Perhaps the most striking feature of the battle was the fact that the British gained superiority in the air at the outset and never lost it. Asked how he had managed to attain such a phenomenal result, the senior air officer replied, "Shooting the sitting bird, sir. Shooting the sitting bird. We never let 'em get off the ground." From dawn to dusk British bombers, accompanied by fighters, raided every German aerodrome all the way back to El Agheila, 200 miles beyond Benghazi. Most of the vaunted dive-bombers were thus kept grounded, and Messerschmitts which made an appearance miles high above the battlefield were shot down. On one occasion a large force of Stukas did make an appearance, but they were at once attacked by a force of Hurricanes, and in a few minutes eleven of them were shot down for the loss of only one Hurricane.

Meanwhile, beyond the escarpment to the south, there had been taking place what Reuter's Correspondent described as "a fantastic Wellsian clash of metal monsters," as out of the incredible heat and choking dust of the open desert the British tanks smashed their way through into the Capuzzo region. The battle was fierce and furious, and on both sides the claim was made that large numbers of tanks were knocked out.

THE WESTERN DESERT, where the battle described here was fought by two mechanized armies in intense heat under a blazing sky.
Courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"

At first the battle went well for the British, but on Tuesday, June 17, the Germans brought up large reinforcements and began to outflank our outflanking column. With the certain knowledge that they had not the necessary mechanical ground superiority both to consolidate their gains and repulse the Germans on the flank, the British were forced to withdraw from the Capuzzo area and Halfaya, and this withdrawal was followed automatically by one from the plain below.

When the operations began the British had had three separate objectives: (1) To capture and occupy the entire Halfaya-Capuzzo-Sollum triangle; (2) to divert a threatened imminent attack on Tobruk; and (3) to decoy the enemy armoured forces into the open for a trial of strength, which was expected to produce distinctly favourable results. Of these objectives the second was attained with complete success. The attack on the triangle was only partially successful, while a trial of strength showed that the Germans were even stronger than had been supposed in their mechanical arm. So the Imperial troops retreated 12 miles to their original line, abandoning the intervening territory to the Germans. The Battle of the Sollum Triangle ended in a draw.

German light tank captured by British armoured units near Sollum just inside the Egyptian-Libyan border, where a big battle was fought in mid-June. Several hundred Nazi prisoners and a number of enemy tanks and guns were taken. The Italians, fighting side by side with the Germans, also incurred heavy losses.

British tanks going into action against the Germans in the Western Desert. According to a Rome report (highly exaggerated as usual) about 1,000 British tanks took part in this action. The Nazis declared that there had not been a tank battle on such a large scale since Cambrai in 1917.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Stiff Resistance Fails to Save Damascus

Although the Allied forces in Syria made some progress along the coast and occupied Damascus, in the central sector they were strongly counter-attacked and for a short time were deprived of many of the positions which they had won. Below we tell of these developments in a campaign which has assumed a far more serious complexion than it originally presented.

JUST a week after the Allies invaded Syria, the forces of Vichy France launched in the central sector a series of counter-attacks, while on the coast and in the neighbourhood of Damascus they put up an increasingly strong resistance. The main direction of the counter-attacks was against the Allied positions to the south and west of Mount Hermon.

"After several days' silence," telegraphed Reuter's Special Correspondent in the Metulla sector of the Syrian front, "punctuated with occasional bursts of artillery fire, the Vichy French forces opened a counter-offensive against the British troops in this sector at 3.30 p.m. today. The Vichy batteries directed a very intense fire on Merj Iyoun fort and the key crossroads leading to Kheim and Hasbaya. Then came a tank, machine-gun and infantry attack. The entire offensive was launched with great suddenness."

Moving up the road to some five miles north of Merj Iyoun, he contacted a British major. "We have continuous sniping from the mountains," said the latter. "I have reason to believe that a fairly large force is lurking there. Several times we have sent forward armoured vehicles, but they have been shot up." Shortly afterwards Merj Iyoun was recaptured by the Vichy troops, and about the same time Kuneitra, some 40 miles to the south-east, fell to an armoured column which claimed to have captured 100 prisoners and a quantity of war material. Kuneitra was defended chiefly by men of the London Regiment, who put up a stout resistance against superior enemy forces for 12 hours before they were forced to surrender.

Londoners' Stand at Kuneitra

"We were suddenly attacked by strong forces with 26 tanks," said a Free French officer who managed to make his escape from the town before its fall. "They converged on the town from every direction. The British garrison, with a few Indian sappers, coolly took up firing positions in the town and fought with amazing courage. A British sergeant with two men (all three come from the East End of London) dodged from cover to cover, throwing grenades. They put one tank out of action at point-blank range and damaged others. They went on fighting like this until wounded. The French used 75s and mortars, but the British fought like lions from house to house, never giving up until the last round of ammunition had been used."

But the triumph of the Vichy French forces was short-lived—little more than two hours, in fact. Hardly had their tanks reached the centre of the village when British reinforcements came into action. "The attack started with an artillery duel," said an Australian machine-gun officer who watched it from close by. "I was filled with admiration for the cool, meticulous way these men of a famous Home Counties regiment went into action. Scorning a barrage on the roadway, they did not pause, but pressed on steadily, approaching Kuneitra from the two flanks and down the centre roadway. It looked to me more like Salisbury Plain in peacetime manoeuvres. At dusk, after an attack lasting two hours, I saw a red Very light explode, indicating that Kuneitra was once more in British hands." At 8.45 p.m. the Union Jack and the Tricolour with the Lorraine Cross were once more unfurled above the town. Most of the Vichyites escaped along the Damascus road, but they left behind them nearly all the gallant Londoners whom they had taken prisoner.

SYRIA, showing the localities mentioned in the official communiqués of the fighting between the Allied forces and Vichy troops.
Map by courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"

Kuneitra's recapture was announced on June 19, and at the same time it was made known that the strong Vichy force in Merj Iyoun, believed to be chiefly Foreign Legionaries, Chasseurs d'Afrique and Lebanese, had been surrounded by the Australians, while further important positions had been captured just south of Damascus. The Allies were, indeed, in the suburbs of the Syrian capital, and for some days past there had been fighting in the orange groves and amongst the canals which surrounded the district. Militarily speaking, Damascus was theirs for the taking, but General Wilson wanted to avoid hurting the susceptibilities of the Arab population. So it was that on the night of June 18 he sent a message over the Palestine wireless to General Dentz, the commander of the Vichy forces in Syria.

"My troops are on the outskirts of Damascus," it read. "I do not wish to cause any damage to that historic city. I therefore appeal to you to declare it an open town and to withdraw your troops from the city. Otherwise I shall have no alternative but to take such measures as are found necessary, and the responsibility for any damage to civil property and injury to the civilian population will be yours. I am transmitting this message by wireless because I have no other means of communicating with you. I shall expect your answer tomorrow by 5.30 a.m., and ask you to send it under flag of truce to the nearest Allied post on the Damascus front. The flag of truce will be respected."

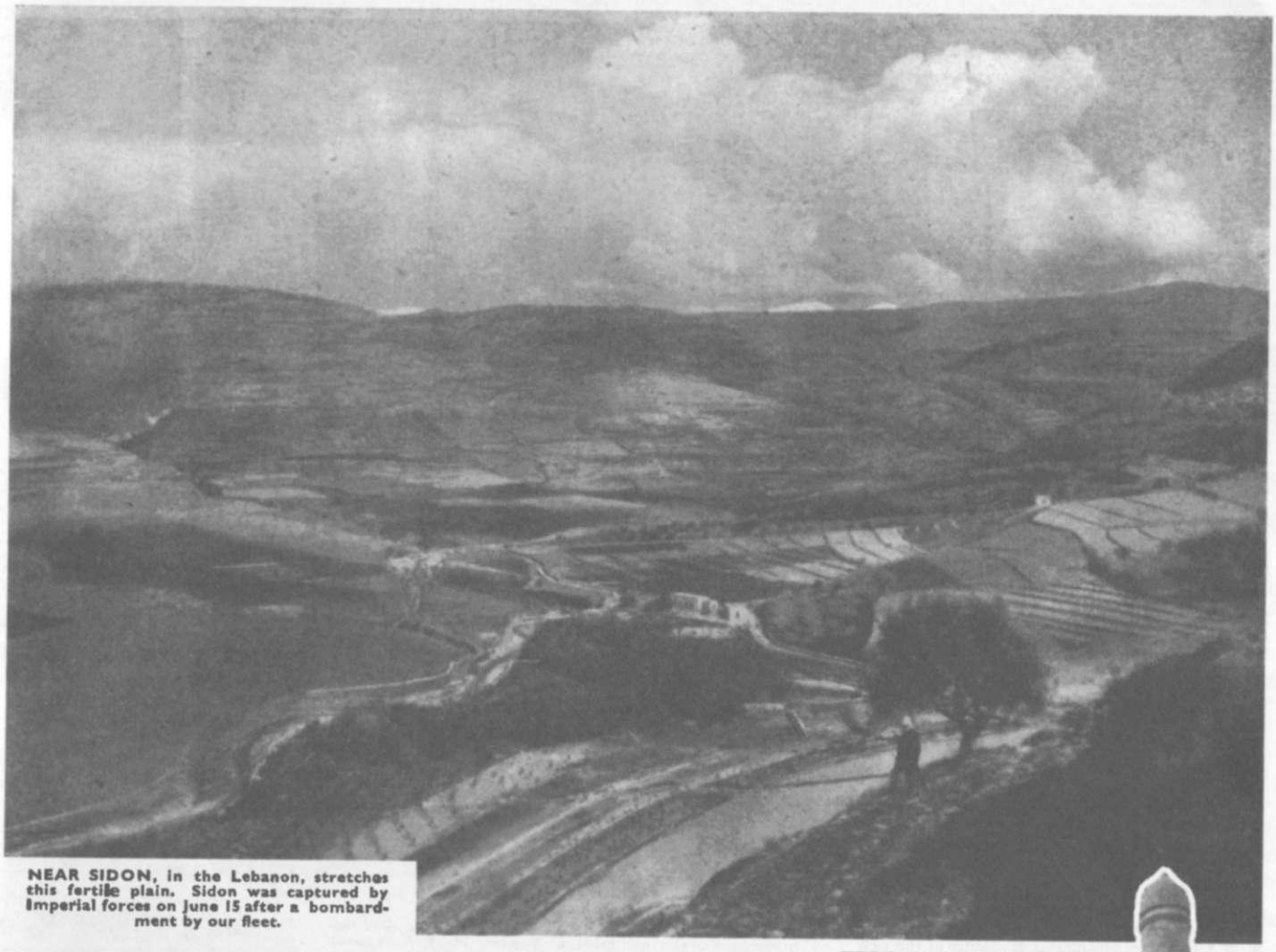
No reply was received to the ultimatum, so General Wilson gave the order to advance. There followed a series of brilliantly executed operations against the defences south and west of the ancient city. A force of Free French tanks and two batteries, one Indian and the other British, attacked and drove off the French tanks which barred the Damascus end of the Kuneitra road. Indian troops secured the Mezze aerodrome, while their artillery heavily plastered Fort Gouraud on the north side of the Damascus–Beirut road. On the evening of June 20 the main Vichy forces withdrew from Damascus, but as they went they were spotted by Royal Australian Air Force fighters which swooped down and machine-gunned the long columns of motor transports.

The next morning the final Allied assault began. From the south General Legentilhomme's Free French made straight for the town, from the east swept up General Collet's Circassians, while Imperial troops—British, Indians and Australians—stormed Fort Gourard on the west. Then on Sunday morning, June 22, after a dramatic charge at Mezze by eight British 25-pounder guns with a couple of anti-tank guns firing over open sights, Vichy resistance collapsed. Shortly after 11 a.m. Damascus was occupied by Free French troops, led by General Collet.

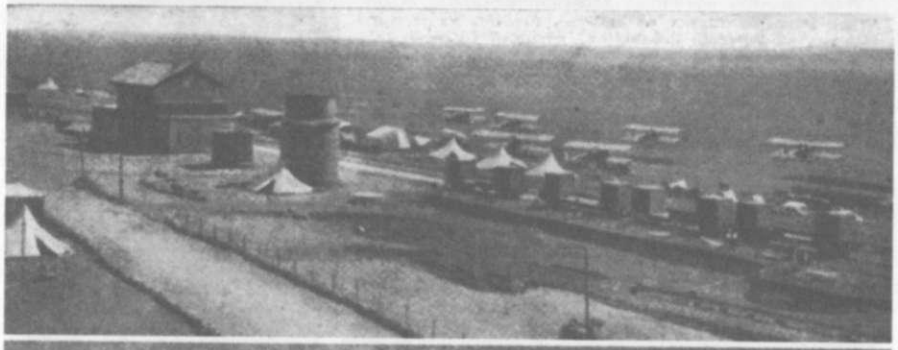
"As a soldier," said their leader, General de Gaulle, "I think the fall of Damascus must be the end of Vichy resistance in Syria."

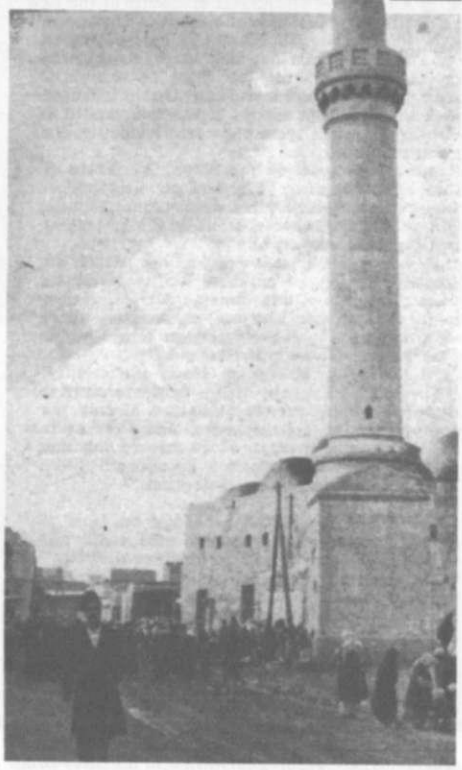
ARAB RECRUITS to the Allied cause, comprising desert Beduins, fellaheen from the fields, and townsmen, are lined up for their first parade on a barrack square in Palestine. A Palestinian force aided a British regiment to recapture Kuneitra from the Vichy troops.
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Syrian Towns Lapped by the Tide of War



NEAR SIDON, in the Lebanon, stretches this fertile plain. Sidon was captured by Imperial forces on June 15 after a bombardment by our fleet.

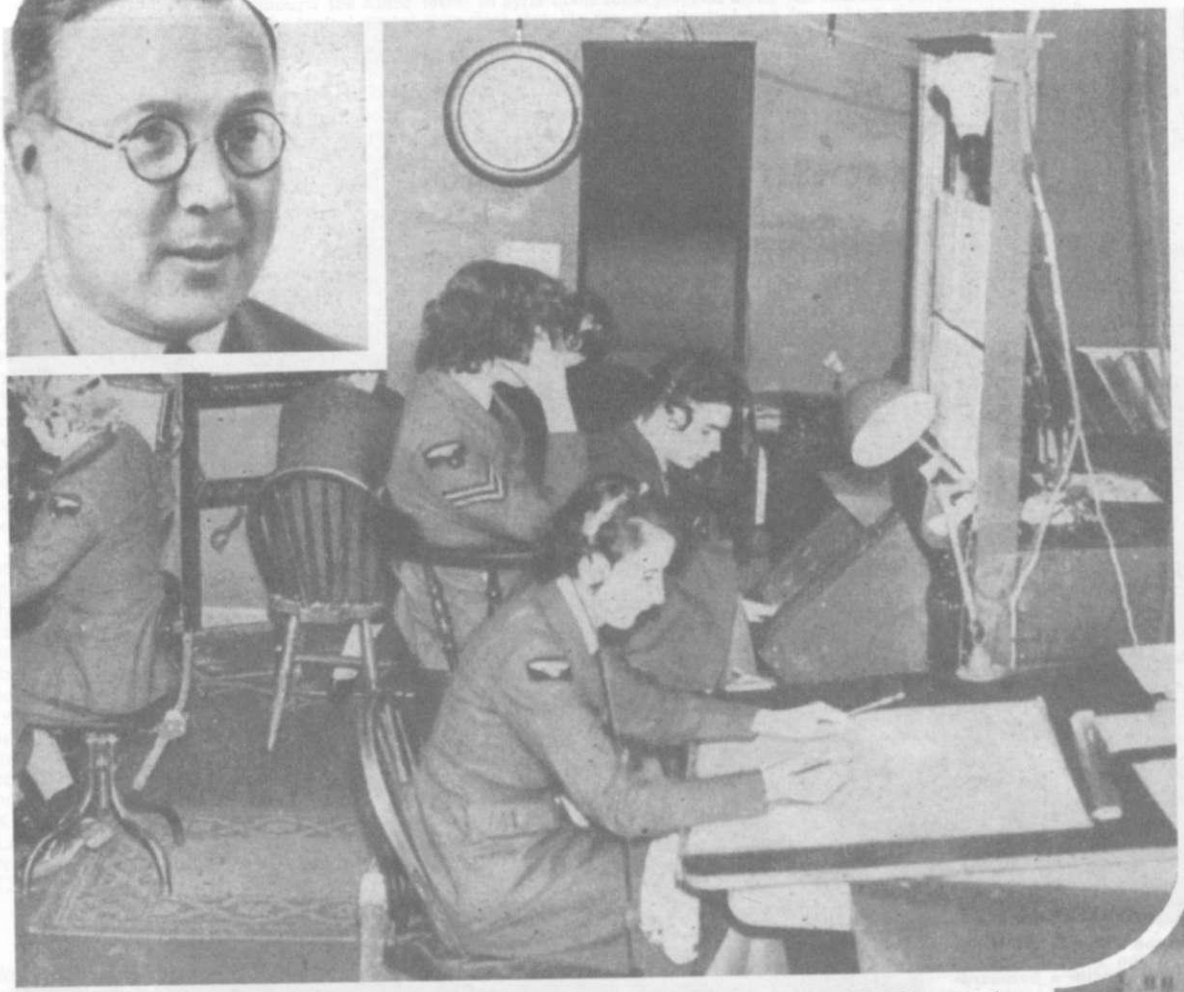




SYRIAN TOWNS which have lately been in the news are Ezra (upper photo), which was retaken by Allied troops on June 17 after it had been lost to a Vichy counter-attack; Mezze, below, where the Damascus airport is situated, scene of heavy fighting, was captured on June 22; and Deir es Zor (right), on the Euphrates, through which British forces passed on their advance to Palmyra.

Photos, E.N.A. and Dorien Leigh

The War's Best Kept Secret Revealed: Waves in the Ether



Above, W.A.A.Fs., with the aid of radiolocation, plot the movement of German raiders. Top left, Mr. R. A. Watson Watt, scientific adviser on tele-communications at the Ministry of Aircraft Production, who did so much to develop the science of radiolocation.

MAKING the first official disclosure of the new British device for beating the enemy bomber, Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert, who was Assistant Chief of Air Staff in charge of Signals, said : "I think and hope that it has been one of the best kept secrets of the war, and it is certainly one of the most important factors in our war organization.

"It was the need of the Royal Air Force to obtain early warning of enemy air attack that brought it into being by the development of what might be called a wireless trick in the laboratory into a practical weapon of war.

"Briefly it is a system whereby rays which are unaffected by fog or darkness are sent out far beyond the limits of our shores. Any aircraft or ship in the path of this ray immediately sends back a signal to the detecting station where people are on watch. These ether waves keep a 24-hour watch. They are always on duty.

"The use of the rays makes it unnecessary to maintain standing patrols of fighter aircraft for the protection of certain areas, and thus saves time, petrol, and energy. It is safe to say that

MR. CHURCHILL ON THE INVASION OF RUSSIA

'A Prelude to an Attempted Invasion of the British Isles'

I HAVE taken occasion to speak to you tonight because we have reached one of the climacterics of the war.

In the first of these intense turning points a year ago France fell prostrate under the German hammer and we had to face the storm alone. The second was when the Royal Air Force beat the Hun raiders out of the daylight air and thus warded off the Nazi invasion of our island while we were still ill-armed and ill-prepared. The third turning point was when the President and Congress of the United States passed the Lease and Lend Enactment, devoting nearly £2,000,000,000 of the wealth of the New World to help us defend our liberties and their own. These were the three climacterics. The fourth is now upon us.

At four o'clock this morning Hitler attacked and invaded Russia.

All his usual formalities of perfidy were observed with scrupulous technique. A non-aggression treaty had been solemnly signed and was in force between the two countries. No complaint had been made by Germany of its non-fulfilment. Under its cloak of false confidence the German armies grew up in immense strength along a line which stretched from the White Sea to the Black Sea, and their air fleets and armoured divisions slowly and methodically took up their stations.

THEN suddenly, without declaration of war, without even an ultimatum, the German bombs rained down from the sky upon the Russian cities, German troops violated the Russian frontiers, and an hour later the German Ambassador, who during the night before was lavishing his assurances of friendship—almost of alliance—upon the Russians, called upon the Russian Foreign Minister to tell him that a state of war existed between Germany and Russia.

Thus was repeated on a far larger scale the same kind of outrage against every form of signed contract and international faith which we have witnessed in Norway, in Denmark, in Holland, in Belgium, and which Hitler's accomplice and jackal Mussolini so faithfully imitated in the case of Greece.

All this was no surprise to me. In fact I gave clear and precise warning to Stalin of what was coming. I gave him warning as I have given warnings to others before.

I can only hope that these warnings did not fall unheeded. All that we know at present is that the Russian people are defending their native soil and that their leaders have called upon them to resist to the utmost.

Hitler is a monster of wickedness, insatiable in his lust for blood and plunder. Not content with having all Europe under his heel or else terrorized into various forms of abject submission, he must now carry his work of butchery and desolation among the vast multitudes of Russia and Asia.

A Thousand Millions Are Menaced

THE terrible military machine which we and the rest of the civilised world so foolishly, so supinely, so insensately allowed the Nazi gangster to build up year by year from almost nothing—this machine cannot stand idle lest it rust or fall to pieces. It must be in continual motion, grinding up human lives and trampling down the homes and the rights of hundreds of millions of men. Moreover, it must be fed not only with flesh but with oil.

So now this bloodthirsty guttersnipe must launch his mechanical armies upon new fields of slaughter, pillage, and devastation. Poor as are the Russian peasants, workmen and soldiers, he must steal from them their daily bread. He must devour their harvests, he must rob them of the oil which drives their ploughs, and thus produce a famine without example in human history.

And even the carnage and ruin which his victory, should he gain it—and he has not gained it yet—will bring upon the Russian people will itself be only a stepping-stone to an attempt to plunge the four or five hundred million who live in China and the 350 millions who live in India into that bottomless pit of human degradation over which the diabolical emblem of the swastika flaunts itself.

It is not too much to say here, this summer evening, the lives and happiness of a thousand million additional human beings are now menaced with brutal Nazi violence. That is enough to make us hold our breath . . .

A Cataract of Horrors

NO one has been a more consistent opponent of Communism than I have for the last 25 years. I will unsay not a word that I have spoken about it. But all this fades away before the spectacle which is now unfolding. The past, with its crimes, even follies, and its tragedies, flashes away.

I see the Russian soldiers standing on the threshold of their native land guarding the fields their fathers have tilled from time immemorial. I see them guarding their homes, where mothers and wives pray—ah, yes, for there are times when all pray—for the safety of their loved ones, for the return of the breadwinner, of their champion and their protector.

I see the 10,000 villages of Russia where the means of existence was wrung so hardly from the soil, but where there are still primordial human joys, where maidens love and children play.

I see advancing upon all these in hideous onslaught the Nazi war machine, with its clanking, heel-clicking, dandified Prussian officers, its crafty expert agents, fresh from the cowing and tying down of a dozen countries.

I see also the deadly, drilled, docile brutish masses of the Hun soldiery plodding on like a swarm of crawling locusts.

I see the German bombers and fighters in the sky still smarting from many a British whipping, delighted to find what they believe is an easier and safer prey. And behind all this glare, behind all this storm, I see that small group of villainous men who planned, organized and launched that cataract of horrors upon mankind . . .

BUT now I have to declare the decision of H.M. Government, and I feel sure it is a decision in which the great Dominions will, in due course, concur. But we must speak out now at once, without a day's delay. I have to make the declaration. But can you doubt what our policy will be?

We have but one aim and one single irrevocable purpose. We are resolved to destroy Hitler and every vestige of the Nazi regime. From this nothing will turn us, nothing. We will never parley, we will never negotiate with Hitler or any of his gang. We shall fight him by land, we shall fight him by sea, we shall fight him in the air until, with God's help, we have rid the earth of this shadow and liberated its peoples from his yoke.

Any man or State who fights against Nazidom will have our aid. Any man or State who marches with Hitler is our foe. This applies not only to organized States, but to all representatives of that vile race of quislings who make themselves the tools and agents of the Nazi regime against their fellow-countrymen and against the lands of their birth. These quislings, like the Nazi leaders, if not disposed of by their fellow-countrymen—which would save trouble—will be delivered by us on the morrow of the victory to the justice of the Allied tribunals. That is our policy, and that is our declaration.

It follows, therefore, that we shall give whatever help we can to Russia and to the Russian people.

WE shall appeal to all our friends and allies in every part of the world to take the same course and pursue it, as we shall, faithfully and steadfastly to the end. We have offered to the Government of Soviet Russia any technical or economic assistance which is in our power and which is likely to be of service to it.

We shall bomb Germany by day as well as by night in ever-increasing measure, casting upon them month by month a heavier discharge of bombs and making the German people taste and gulp each month a sharper dose of the miseries they have showered on mankind.

THIS is no class war. This is a war in which the whole British Empire and Commonwealth of Nations is engaged without distinction of race, creed, or party. It is not for me to speak of the action of the United States of America, but this I will say: If Hitler imagines that his attack on Soviet Russia will cause the slightest division of aim or slackening of effort in the great democracies which are resolved upon his doom, he is woefully mistaken. On the contrary, we shall be fortified and encouraged in our efforts to rescue mankind from his tyrannies. We shall be strengthened, and not weakened, in our determination and our resources.

Russia's Danger Our Danger

HITLER wishes to destroy the Russian power because he hopes that, if he succeeds in this, he will be able to bring back the main strength of his army and air force from the east and hurl it upon this island, which he knows he must conquer or suffer the penalty of his crimes. **His invasion of Russia is no more than a prelude to an attempted invasion of the British Isles.**

He hopes, no doubt, that all this may be accomplished before the winter comes and that he can overwhelm Great Britain before the fleets and air power of the United States may intervene.

He hopes that he may once again repeat upon a greater scale than ever before that process of destroying his enemies one by one by which he has so long thrived and prospered, and that then the scene will be clear for the final act without which all his conquests would be in vain, namely, the subjugation of the Western Hemisphere to his will and to his system.

The Russian danger is therefore our danger and the danger of the United States, just as the cause of any Russian fighting for his hearth and home is the cause of free men and free peoples in every quarter of the globe. Let us learn the lessons already taught by such cruel experience, let us redouble our exertions and strike with united strength while life and power remain.

Broadcast on Sunday evening, June 22, 1941.

Hitler Takes the Road to Moscow

At dawn on Sunday, June 22, 1941, Hitler's armies invaded Russia, and in a few hours battle was joined on the huge front of more than 1,500 miles, stretching from Finland in the north to the Black Sea in the south. Below we tell of the opening moves in what Mr. Churchill in his broadcast (reproduced in the opposite page) well described as one of the great climacterics of the war.

"GERMAN people,"—it is the voice of Goebbels speaking over the German wireless at 5.45 on that fateful Sunday morning but the words are Hitler's—"in this very hour a movement of troops is taking place which in its extent and magnitude is the greatest that the world has ever seen.

"United with their Finnish comrades, the warriors who won the victory at Narvik are manning the shores of the Arctic Ocean. German divisions, commanded by the conqueror of Norway, together with the champions of Finnish liberty commanded by their Marshal, are protecting Finnish territory. From East Russia to the Carpathians fresh formations mass along the German eastern front. Along the lower regions of the Danube down to the shores of the Black Sea German and Rumanian soldiers are united under the Rumanian Premier, General Antonescu. The task of this front is no longer the protection of individual countries but the safety of Europe and the salvation of us all.

"I have decided" (concluded Hitler) "today once again to entrust the fate and the future of the German Reich and of our nation to the hands of our soldiers. May our Lord God aid us in this greatest of all struggles."

There was no declaration of war—Hitler has long dispensed with such formalities; but the long statement which Goebbels read was a review of Russo-German relations which made it plain that for months past those relations had been strained. Hitler declared that his pact with Stalin of August 1939 had been made necessary by the "British policy of encirclement against Germany," although at the same time he had hoped that the tension between Germany and the Soviet might be permanently relieved. But, he complained, the Soviet rulers had throughout claimed far more than was laid down in the bond. They had occupied Lithuania and the other Baltic states, Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina; they had demanded that Bulgaria should accept Russian protection and that the Soviet should be granted by Turkey a base on the Dardanelles—demands which Hitler refused. Then the Soviet had encouraged Yugoslavia in her resistance against the Reich and (so he alleged) attempted to form a Soviet Russian-Anglo-Saxon front. Now, he went on, something like 160 Russian divisions were massed on the frontier, and for weeks violations of that frontier had been taking place. "This has brought us to the hour when it is necessary for us to take steps against this plot devised by Jewish Anglo-Saxon warmongers, and the equally Jewish rulers of the Bolshevist centre in Moscow." So the mask was thrown off. The Pact with Russia was revealed as a mere time-saving truce. The Bolsheviks were once again the enemy.

BALTIC TO BLACK SEA. Where the German onslaught on Russia was launched. *Courtesy of the "Daily Mail"*

Russia's 180 millions were told of the German attack in a broadcast from Moscow by Mr. Molotov, the Foreign Commissar. "At 4 o'clock this morning," he said, "German troops attacked the Soviet Union, without any demands having previously been made upon us. The frontiers of our country were attacked at many points, and enemy planes bombed the cities of Kiev, Sebastopol, Kaunas, and others, killing and injuring more than 200 people. The attacks were launched from Rumanian and Finnish territory, both in the air and by artillery." The attack, went on Mr. Molotov, had been made in spite of the existence of a treaty of non-aggression between the U.S.S.R. and Germany, and of the fact that the U.S.S.R. had always kept all its obligations. "The entire responsibility for this murderous attack therefore rests on the shoulders of the Fascist gangsters in Germany." Only after the onslaught had been launched did the German Ambassador in Moscow, Von Schulenberg, inform him that his government had decided to declare war on the Soviet Union.

"Now that our country has been attacked," continued Mr. Molotov, "the Government has ordered its troops, airmen and sailors to repel the attack and to drive the German troops from the soil of our country . . . The Soviet Government declares its unshaken confidence that its glorious army and air force will fulfil their duty of defending the native soil against the aggressor's shameless attack, and will inflict a shattering defeat on the enemy . . . Once in its history our country was attacked by Napoleon, and he was defeated here and suffered complete destruction. The same will happen to this megalomaniac Hitler."

The first shots in the new war were fired at 4 a.m. when the German artillery came into action all along the frontier, shock troops advanced to the assault, and wave after wave of Nazi dive-bombers sped to attack the Soviet airfields, anti-aircraft gun positions, troop concentrations, and cities far behind the line. Soon came the report that Odessa, the great grain port on the Black Sea, had been attacked, "on the same scale as Rotterdam and Belgrade." From the far north there came no news as yet of the Finns having crossed the frontier, but at the opposite extremity of the huge front the Rumanians were reported to have gone into action, crossing the Pruth with a view to recapturing their recently-lost province of Bessarabia. Italy, too, declared herself to be at war with Russia.

German war correspondents at the front proceeded to give a running commentary on the course of events. They described how before zero hour in the villages in the area just behind the front "ghost-like movements" had been going on for hours as the German infantry marched into their positions. "The men had been given orders to creep forward like cats with their heavy war equipment, so as to be able to strike at and totally surprise the enemy at a moment's notice. The clearness of the night was emphasized by the bright rays of electric lamps burning cheerfully on the Russian side of the border. As yet there was no black-out in Russia."

At zero hour "red flares went up, and instantaneously the German infantry weapons began to fire with our second surprise, the assault gun, as it has been baptized. Only weak enemy fire meets the German soldiers—much too weak to stop our advance. Soon the enemy fire becomes weaker still; their batteries have been hit. There is some resistance from a Russian pill-box beyond the frontier, but our soldiers advance in short dashes, jumping up when the enemy fire ceases, and falling again when it resumes. Only here is resistance met, and here it is soon broken." Then the Nazi bombers came up and dropped high explosives and machine-gunned the Russian airfields. "Apart from the airfields," said a German officer who was interviewed over the German radio, "we saw nothing but trees. The devil knows where the Russians went into hiding." With unfailing regularity throughout the day Goebbels' propagandists described how Soviet airfields were being smashed, how the main Russian air force had been smitten before it had been taken off the ground, and how the enemy positions were being deluged with bombs. Very much the same stories were being told by the Russian spokesmen, speaking from Moscow. . .

Where the Nazis Attacked

As far as could be gathered from the conflicting reports, the invaders were attacking in East Prussia, where the German onslaught was undertaken without artillery preparation so as to take the Russians completely by surprise; in Poland, where the Germans were reported to have crossed the river Bug under cover of a fierce artillery barrage and to have made a deep penetration into Russian-occupied Poland; and in the south, where under the command of Marshal List the joint German-Rumanian army was attacking the Bukovina and Bessarabia as the first step in the conquest of the Ukraine.

Hitler's first war communiqué stated that "Fighting has taken place on the Soviet frontier since the early hours of today. An attempt by the enemy to fly over East Prussia was repelled with heavy losses to the enemy. German fighters shot down numerous Red bomber planes." The Russian, issued from Moscow at 4 a.m. on June 23, was somewhat longer. "At dawn on June 22 (it read), regular troops of the German army attacked our frontier forces on the whole front from the Baltic to the Black Sea and were held by us during the first part of the day. At the beginning of the second part of the day German troops came in contact with the vanguards of the Red army. After stubborn fighting the enemy were repulsed, sustaining heavy losses . . . The enemy air force attacked several of our airfields and urban areas, but encountered everywhere vigorous resistance on the part of our fighters and anti-aircraft guns, which inflicted heavy losses on the enemy. Sixty-five enemy airplanes were shot down." So ended the first day. The battle of Slav and Teuton was joined.

Our Diary of the War

SUNDAY, JUNE 15, 1941 *652nd day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that H.M. destroyer Jersey had been sunk by enemy mine.

Air.—R.A.F. bombers carried out successful daylight attacks on enemy shipping. At night strong forces raided the Ruhr and Cologne and Hanover districts. Small force attacked Dunkirk. Fighter aircraft raided aerodromes in France.

Coastal Command flying-boat routed four enemy aircraft near Gibraltar.

Africa.—British offensive against enemy positions south and south-east of Sollum. Enemy claimed to have destroyed 60 tanks. Bombing attacks by R.A.F. on Benghazi, Bardia, Derna, Martuba and Gazala.

Near East.—Allied forces captured Sidon. In central sector they reached Jezzin.

R.A.F. bombers raided Aleppo. Fighters carried out protective patrols over naval units on Syrian coast.

Home.—Place on East Anglian coast attacked by day. At night bombs fell at two points in southern England. One night raider destroyed.

MONDAY, JUNE 16 *653rd day*

Air.—R.A.F. fighters carried out sweeps over French coast and escorted bombers which attacked Boulogne. Ten enemy fighters and one seaplane shot down. Two British bombers and four fighters lost.

Night raids on Cologne, Düsseldorf and Duisburg. Fleet Air Arm attacked Dunkirk.

Africa.—Cairo announced surrender of Italian general and 2,000 troops in Soddu area, Abyssinia. Patriot troops engaging enemy in Jimma area.

Heavy bombers made night raids on Benghazi, Derna, Gazala and Bardia.

Near East.—Announced that Allied forces had captured Kiswe, south of Damascus. Heavy fighting reported in central sector. Vichy counter-offensive recaptured Ezra (in Jebel Druze) and Merj Ayoun.

Vichy destroyer sunk during air and naval engagement off Sidon.

Home.—Small-scale enemy activity at night over Britain. Four raiders destroyed.

General.—Roosevelt ordered all German consulates to be closed and staff removed by July 10.

TUESDAY, JUNE 17 *654th day*

Air.—R.A.F. carried out large-scale offensive over Channel and occupied territory. Sixteen enemy fighters destroyed; ten British planes missing.

At night Cologne and Düsseldorf were heavily bombed and lesser attacks made on enemy ports and shipping.

Africa.—In Libya, after repulsing several tank attacks, British withdrew to avoid enemy encircling movement.

R.A.F. shot down 20 enemy aircraft in Western Desert. In Sidi Omar area 20 armoured vehicles were destroyed by bombs.

Near East.—Allied forces recaptured Ezra. Kuneitra taken by Vichy troops after 12-hour siege, but later regained by Allied reinforcements. Heavy fighting at Merj Ayoun. Counter-attack at Jezzin, east of Sidon, repulsed.

Home.—Small-scale night attacks, mainly over East Coast. One raider destroyed.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18 *655th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that submarines in Aegean and Mediterranean had sunk eight Italian vessels, including a tanker and three supply ships.

R.A.F. again attacked targets on French coast and shipping in Channel. Nine enemy fighters shot down with loss of four British.

At night Brest, Bremen and other German ports were raided.

Near East.—Further positions captured south of Damascus. Vichy force in Merj Ayoun now surrounded.

General.—Turkey signed Treaty of Friendship with Germany.

THURSDAY, JUNE 19 *656th day*

Air.—R.A.F. bombers and fighters again raided Northern France in daylight. Docks and shipping attacked.

R.A.F. bombers made night attack on targets at Cologne and Düsseldorf.

Africa.—Harbour and shipping at Benghazi bombed by R.A.F.

Near East.—Indian and Free French forces entered suburbs of Damascus. Australian patrols, advancing from Sidon, now within 13 miles of Beirut.

Home.—Slight night activity over Britain. Enemy lost one bomber.

General.—Berlin ordered all American Consulates in Germany and occupied territories to be closed by July 15. Rome issued similar Note.

FRIDAY, JUNE 20 *657th day*

Sea.—Enemy patrol vessel destroyed off Den Helder. Portuguese freighter Ganda torpedoed and sunk off Casablanca.

Air.—British bombers and fighters raided Northern France in daylight. Tenth successive night raid on Germany, Kiel being main target. Docks at Dunkirk and Boulogne also bombed.

Near East.—Allied forces gained more ground near Damascus. Free French forces withstood strong Vichy counter-attack. Australian troops reoccupied part of Merj Ayoun.

Imperial aircraft attacked motor transport convoys and shipping at Beirut. Navy shelled enemy positions along coast.

Home.—Three day raiders destroyed, one by H.M. trawler Capstone.

SATURDAY, JUNE 21 *658th day*

Air.—R.A.F. twice raided enemy aerodromes in France, destroying 26 Nazi 'planes. Two more shot down off East Coast. Britain lost one bomber, four fighters.

At night strong forces of Bomber Command raided Cologne and Düsseldorf. Lighter forces attacked Dunkirk and Boulogne.

Africa.—Patriot forces, led by British officers, captured Jimma, Abyssinia. Successful advances reported from other areas.

Near East.—Damascus evacuated by Vichy forces. British troops occupied the city.

Home.—Night raiders dropped leaflets over south and south-east areas. Bombs damaged south coastal town. One day and four night raiders destroyed.

SUNDAY, JUNE 22 *659th day*

Germany invaded Russia from frontiers of East Prussia, Poland and Rumania.

THE ALLIED POWERS were fully represented at a meeting in St. James's Palace on June 12, when the leaders of Britain, her Empire and the Allied Governments re-affirmed: "We fight on to Victory." Those seen above are: 1, Mr R. A. Butler; 2, Sir Archibald Sinclair; 3, Viscount Cranborne; 4, Mr. Winston Churchill; 5, M. Michiels (Netherlands); 6, M. Simopoulos (Greece); 7, Mr. S. M. Bruce (Australia); 8, Mr. W. J. Jordan (New Zealand); 9, M. Dupong (Luxembourg); 10, M. Soubbotitch (Yugoslavia); 11, M. Nygaardsvold (Norway); 12, M. Zaleski (Poland); 13, Mr. Anthony Eden; 14, Mr. S. F. Waterson (S. Africa); 15, M. Gerbrandy (Holland); 16, M. Lie (Norway); 17, M. Pierlot (Belgium); 18, H. M. the King; 19, M. Bech (Luxembourg); 20, M. Masaryk (Czechoslovakia); 21, M. Sramek (Czechoslovakia); 22, General Sikorski (Poland); 23, M. Spaak (Belgium); 24, M. Dejean (Free France); 25, M. Cassin (Free France); 25, Baron Cartier de Marchienne (Belgium); 27, Sir E. Bridges (Secretary of Cabinet); 28, Mr. Brendan Bracken (Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr. Churchill). *Photo, P.N.A.*

More and More Tools to Finish the Job

WHAT THE LEASE AND LEND ACT IS DOING FOR BRITAIN

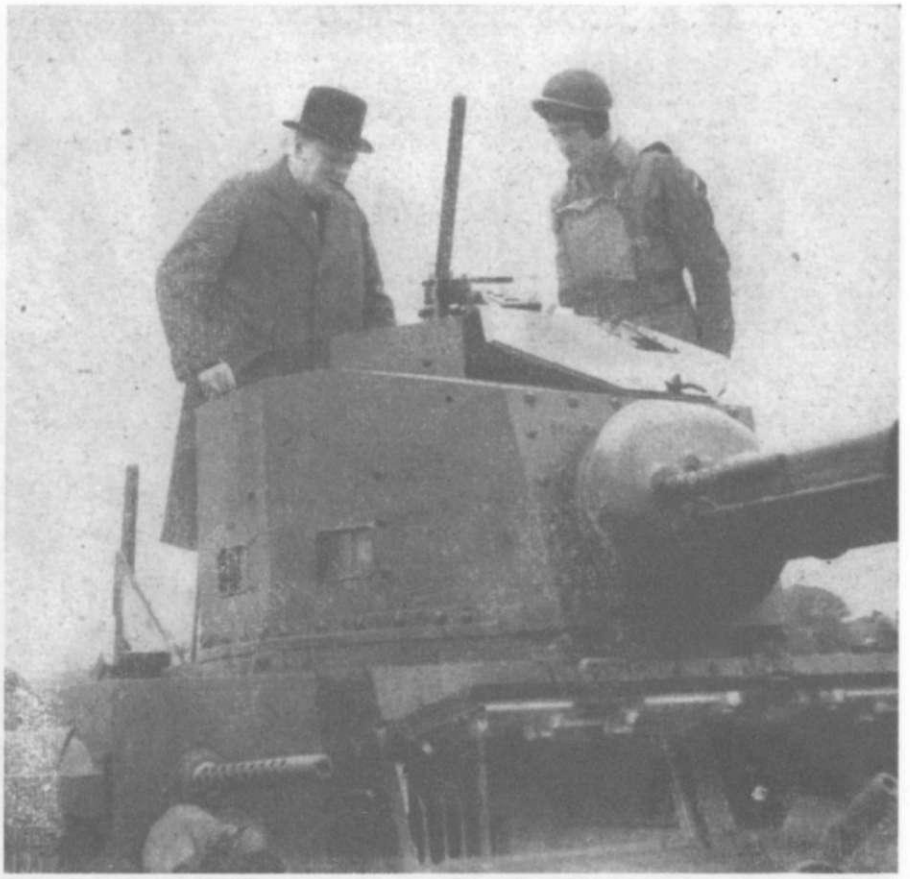
Defence Materials transferred to Britain Three Months to June 10

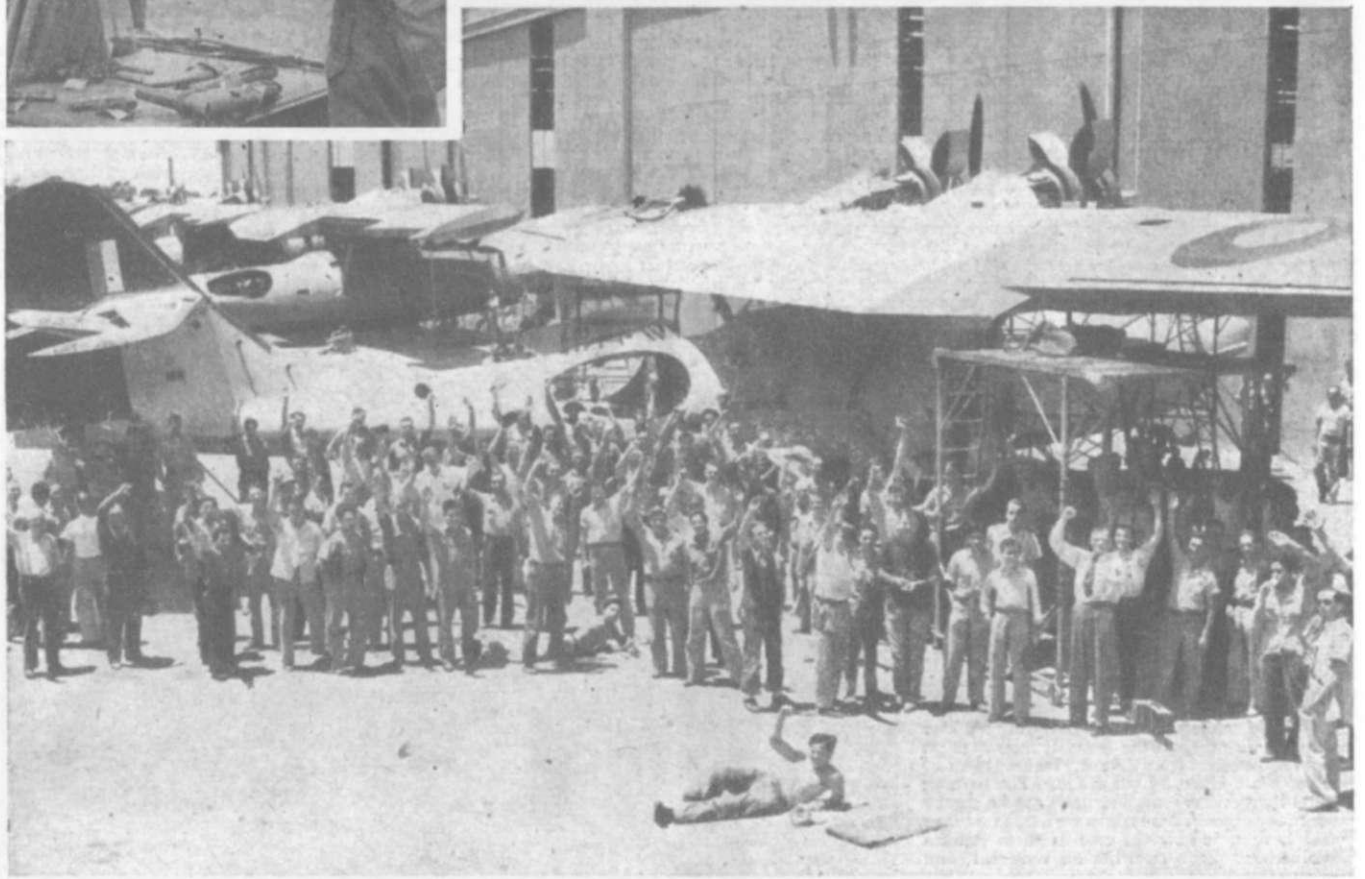
	millions
Ships and other craft	6½
Ordnance	5
Aircraft	½
Ammunition	2½
Vehicles	½
Clothing, medical, chemical, etc., supplies	½
Agricultural Products	2
Machinery, raw materials	1
	£17⅞ millions

Allocations for Further Aid:

	£ millions
Aircraft	475
Ordnance	220
Shipping	137½
Tanks and Vehicles	79½
Agricultural	70
Miscellaneous Equipment	64
	£1,046 millions

The above represents part of the appropriation of £1,750,000,000 approved by Congress. The remainder, about £700,000,000, is being rapidly distributed as new contracts.





MR. CHURCHILL is seen in the top photograph inspecting an American tank, while that on the left shows Mrs. H. Gauntlett, member of the American Committee for the Defence of British Homes, presenting a revolver to a Home Guardsman attached to a London County Council Hospital. Below, workers of the Consolidated Aircraft Company at San Diego, California, are cheering the news that a Catalina Patrol Bomber spotted the Bismarck and was thus instrumental in bringing this battleship to her doom.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; Associated Press and Wide World

'None May Touch Me with Impunity' Their Motto

THE SCOTS GUARDS, like all the regiments of the Brigade of Guards, have a reputation they are determined at all costs to maintain. Above, members of the training battalion, referred to below, most of whom have been in the Army only a short while, are carrying out a strenuous course before being absorbed by service battalions. These men, carrying rifles and full equipment, who have already covered a considerable distance negotiating difficult obstacles, are making a jump worthy of the Grand National.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

ON the great parade ground of their training centre somewhere in the London District the Scots Guards of 1941 drilled and marched, marched and drilled, with verve and splendid precision. Just like old soldiers in fact, though there was hardly a man there who was not walking about Glasgow in "civvies" little more than six months ago. Sixteen weeks at the depot, followed by another sixteen weeks here at the training centre—and they made a showing which was not unworthy of the great traditions of one of our greatest regiments.

Just how great, they have a daily reminder in the battle-honour which the R.S.M.—he of many medals and 27 years' service, so commanding in presence, so electrically efficient, so full of knowledge which he is so courteously ready to impart—proudly brought to my notice on the parade ground. The day I was there it showed "Festubert 1915," but it might have been the name of one of Marlborough's victories or Wellington's; it might have been Inkerman or Tel-el-Kebir or Modder River, Mons, Ypres, or Somme. And in the Sergeant's Mess there was a living reminder of great days in the shape of five old Chelsea Pensioners adopted by the battalion for the duration of the war. There they sat in their be-medalled red coats, puffing their pipes and slowly quaffing their beer. "That old fellow over there," whispered the Major to me, "was my father's quartermaster at Suakin in 1885."

THOSE old soldiers must find the Army of today very different from the Army of their days; it is even very different from the army we used to know when we wore khaki 25 years ago. The barrack huts are light and roomy, and there are no smoky stoves such as those round which we used to shiver; central heating is now the rule in these Belisha militia-camps. Each man has his wardrobe, and there is a special store-room for suitcases; hot water is on tap, and there are no cut-throat razors; the cookhouse is glitteringly clean and the meals are served by A.T.S. girls in white overalls on the cafeteria principle. The food looks good, and there is plenty of it (today's dinner is steak pie and two veg., rhubarb tart and custard); and if a man is still hungry after three good meals and a light supper he can get plenty more to eat at the NAAFI canteen, or at the canteens maintained by the various voluntary organizations. There is no waste, and the Colonel is justifiably proud of the home-made brawn, produced from scraps, and the electric potato peeler, and the profits derived from the sale of the peelings to pig farmers. The gymnasium is first-class, equipped with every muscle-building apparatus, and the instructors know how to make their "victims" laugh.

Then for the leisure hour there is a huge garrison theatre, equipped for both stage and cinema shows, where performances are given on every night in the week, the price of admittance being 6d., and 1s. for the officers. There is also a library under the control of the Quartermaster; it consists of 3,000 volumes, he says, half of which are owned by the battalion and half are obtained through the County Library scheme. Each month 2,750 volumes are borrowed, dealing with every subject under the sun. The most popular books are those dealing with adventure; little interest seems to be displayed in political questions, nor do the soldiers care to read about love. *E.R.P.*

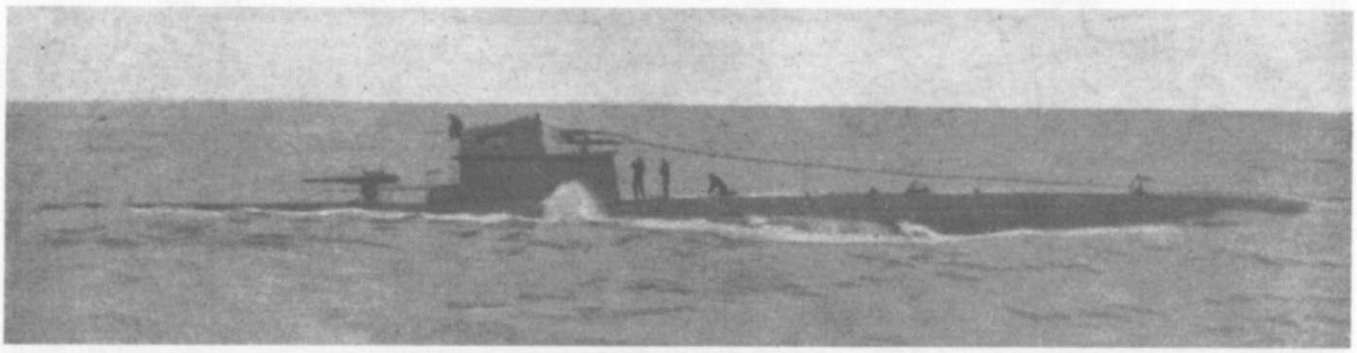
The impeccable standard of the foot drill of the Brigade of Guards is maintained in wartime as in days of peace. The Adjutant takes the salute at a parade of Scots Guards in the training camp, where drill is still recognized to be the foundation of good discipline.

They Talk Over a Thousand Miles of Desert

BRITISH MOBILE RADIO CAR in action somewhere in the Western Desert. The nerve centre of operations, this type of car can remain in the desert as long as necessary and open up communications by Morse at the rate of about thirty words a minute, or by telephony. It has a range of over a thousand miles. In the background as far as the horizon are military tents, but no soldiers are to be seen. They have probably taken refuge from the intense heat.

Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright

Blow & Counter-Blow in the Grim Atlantic Battle



ANOTHER U-BOAT DOOMED, having been hit by our shells. Its conning tower has been wrecked, and the crew, assembling on deck, are about to abandon the submarine. Beneath, another photo of the submarine taken immediately before she sank for the last time.

SEA POWER is Hitler's most terrifying nightmare, for command of the oceans made sure of Britain's victory in the first World War as it will do in the second. Hence the Nazis are straining every nerve to destroy our shipping by submarine and plane, and the battle of the Atlantic goes on grimly day after day, night after night. This phase of the war is so critical for Hitler that he even risked and lost the Bismarck in the hope of cutting our life-line with America.

Unlike Germany, Britain has never hidden her serious losses, but thanks to the devoted courage of our seamen, the work of shipbuilders striving to make good our losses, and ever-increasing help from the United States, we shall win through. Moreover, U-Boat and Focke-Wulf aeroplane casualties are rising satisfactorily. Some submarines like that shown in this page are shattered by shell-fire, others are broken asunder by the depth charge; and new devices are helping to smash the evil-power of Hitlerism in this vast arena of the war.

But, as Mr. Churchill said on June 19, the Battle of the Atlantic is a "continuous operation. Its seriousness has not by any means been removed by anything that has occurred as the year advanced." And the under-sea and aerial nature of this war of attrition makes spectacular surface victories like the destruction of the Bismarck a rare event; but gradually and ultimately by the pooling of Anglo-American resources and the traditional courage and skill of our seamen in every department of marine operations the enemy will be worn down.

ON CONVOY WATCH, with their hands on depth charges, two sailors (circle) are ready to "roll out the barrel" full of really strong stuff in the event of a U-boat being about.

TORPEDOED, a cargo-boat laden with timber is settling down in the Atlantic, but her S O S has been answered by a British warship which has arrived in time to rescue her crew.

Photos, G.P.U., J. Hall, "Daily Mirror"

I Was There! ... Eye Witness Stories of the War

Our Air Defences in Malta are Pretty Good

This vivid description of how Italian and German raids on Malta have been beaten off by the island's A.A. defences was broadcast by an anti-aircraft gunner who had been stationed there for three years.

We heard the news of the Italian declaration of war one night about seven, and the Italians arrived promptly at breakfast-time the next morning; and they kept on visiting us at every mealtime—three times a day—for nearly two months.

At first they came over at eighteen thousand feet; then they got bolder and came down to about ten thousand. We bagged one or two every other day, so they started coming in at about twenty thousand feet. The R.A.F. treated them pretty roughly and that had a good deal to do with it. In the end they gave up coming altogether.

The biggest day we had, although the fight only lasted about sixty minutes all told, was when the Germans came over in January to try to get the Illustrious, which had been damaged in a sea action. There were a lot of Junkers 88 and some Heinkels. It was about 10.30 in the morning when we sighted the first three; then there were so many more that some of our chaps thought the whole Luftwaffe were on the way. They came over at about 18,000 feet till they were over the harbour, and then went into what was practically a vertical dive. They dived in strings of about ten each time, one string from one direction, the next from another, and so on, and all focused apparently on the Illustrious. Of course, as soon as they came within effective range, all our guns opened fire in a barrage round the harbour, and soon you couldn't see a thing for smoke—white smoke and black smoke exploding everywhere, and the noise was terrific, what with shells, bombs, machine-guns and aeroplane engines.

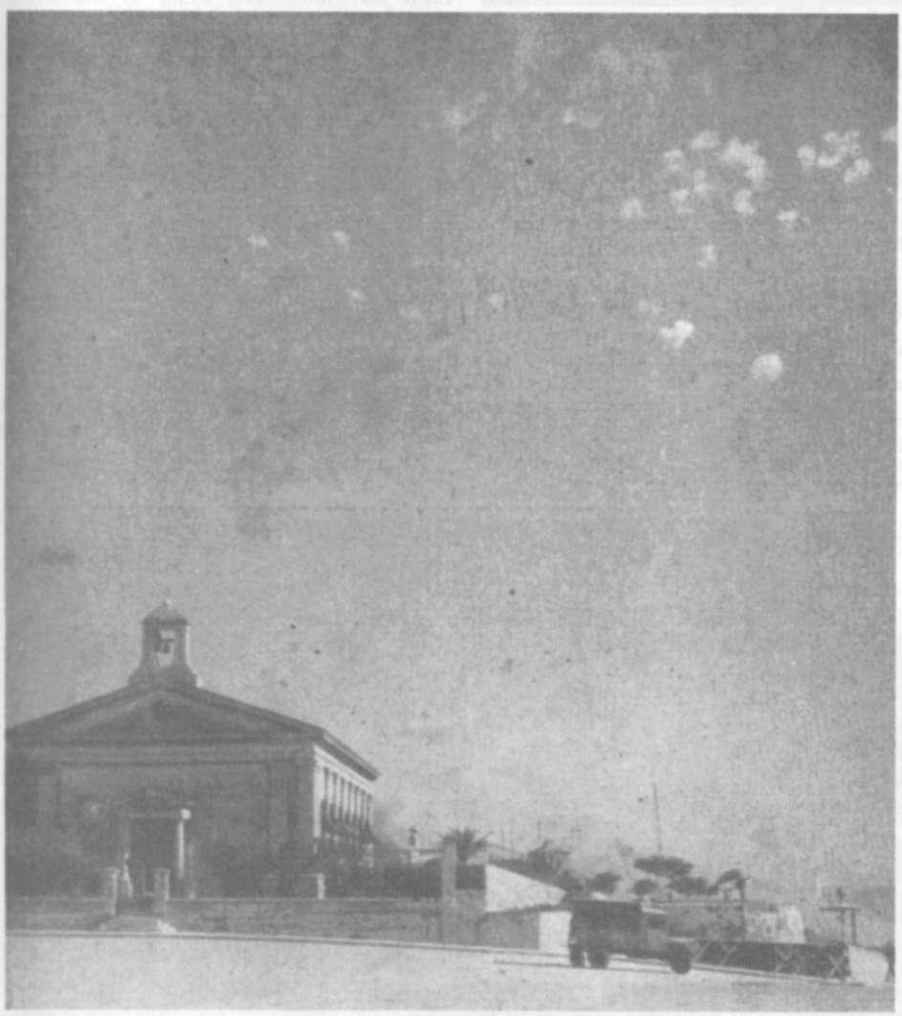
Those Germans must have been brave pilots to come through that barrage. For a few seconds you couldn't see any of them while they were coming through. Then some of them did come through, still diving, down to about a hundred feet. By this time we'd stopped firing the barrage and each gun took on the planes that came into its own area, over open sights. The Number One of the gun chose his own targets. It reminded me of firing at clay pigeons with a shot-gun. The noise was even louder now. I couldn't even shout at my layer, but had to get hold of his head and turn it round to show him what I wanted hitting. I saw one of our shells burst on the tail of a Junkers. He seemed to go out of control, recovered for a moment, and then dived down, on fire.

We were firing pretty solidly for half an hour. The attack finished and the last of the Germans trailed off. We were just congratulating ourselves that it was over for the time being when one of the gunners suddenly pointed into the sky—his mouth was open, but he couldn't speak. I whipped round and got the shock of my life—I saw them flying in again. But half a minute later I saw it was nothing more than a flock of seagulls. I believe those gulls did get a round or two.

The Germans came back again at about 12.30. We were expecting them and were quite ready. They didn't use quite so many planes in the second attack, but they behaved just the same way. In those two raids they lost twenty-nine, of which our fighters bagged a good many. The Germans were good; but our chaps were better.

Of course, bombs were dropping thick in the harbour area, and there was so much noise that you'd think the Illustrious and the harbour must have been blown to pieces. But when I went to look round I couldn't see that they had hit the Illustrious at all, and the harbour itself was very little damaged.

Many Axis machines now lie scattered over the island of Malta. Top, the engine and airscrew of one enemy raider; above, the tailpiece of another, bearing Italian markings.
Photos, Fox



The A.A. BARRAGE of Malta is seen bursting in the sky during one of the almost incessant air raids on the island citadel. That the Germans who come through our barrage are brave pilots is the conclusion reached by the A.A. gunner whose description of Axis raids on Malta is given in this page. **See also pages 652-3.** *Photo, Associated Press*

AIR RAIDS ON MALTA
1 Year to June 10, 1941

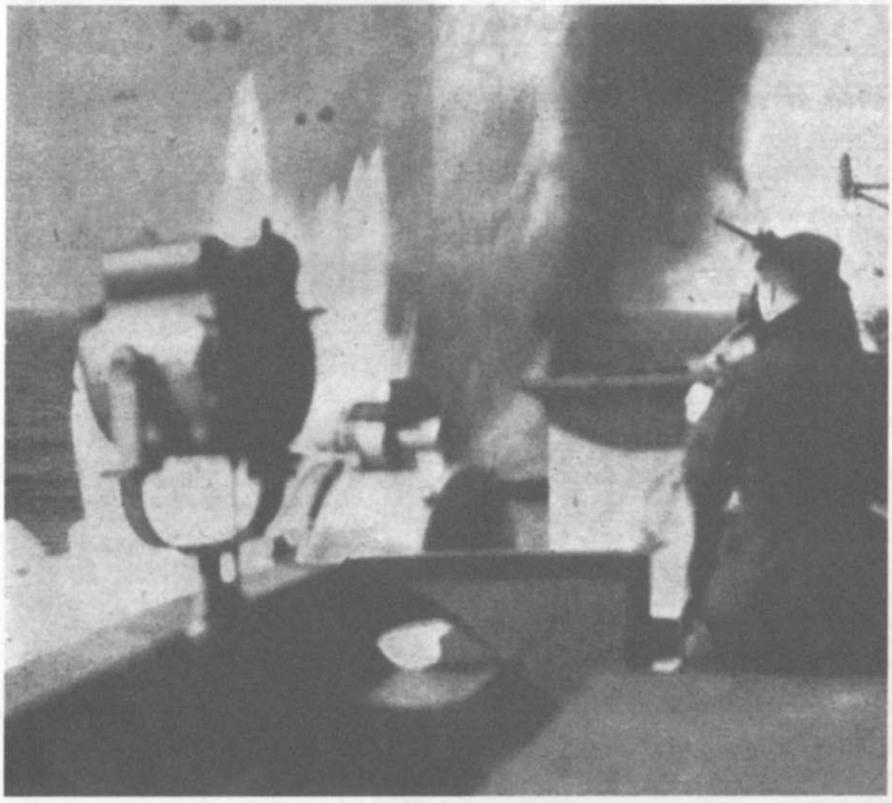
Air Raid Alerts	694
Nazi Aircraft Destroyed ...	155
,, ,, Damaged ...	60

Sir Edward Jackson, Lieutenant-Governor of Malta, on the anniversary of the first raids:

Is it not a very great thing that many hundreds of men and women have proved to themselves that they can look in the face of danger undismayed, have torn from them in an instant all they possessed except their courage and get up out of the dust and begin all over again?

Who shall say that in the final account the material loss is not outweighed by the spiritual gain?

I WAS THERE!



H.M.S. ILLUSTRIOUS, 23,000-ton aircraft carrier, was attacked by German bombers six times in the Mediterranean on January 10, 1941. Nearly 100 enemy planes were beaten off and nine of them shot down during the engagement. Several bombs struck the ship and started fires, but, above, a near miss fails to disturb the man at his action station. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Later the Illustrious went out at twenty-five knots under her own steam. The dockyard men had done good work.

There have been one or two more raids on the harbour and shipping since then, but they haven't been frequent. The defences of Malta are pretty good and the Germans usually kept at a good height when they came over by day; and after a time they almost stopped bombing by day and just came over at night. They haven't done much damage in this way. I believe they have a healthy respect for the defences of Malta.

We Escorted King George over the Cretan Hills

A vivid account of the first Nazi air landings in Crete and of the fortunate escape of King George and his Prime Minister was given by two British officers who accompanied them.

THE two senior British officers who escorted King George were Major-Gen. T. G. Heywood, head of the British Military Mission in Crete, and Col. J. S. Blunt, Military Attaché in Crete. Major-Gen. Heywood said:

Last Sunday (May 18) the Germans made increasingly heavy air attacks on the aerodromes of Heraklion (Candia), Retimo and Maleme and on shipping and installations in Suda Bay. The next day their attacks were very heavy and they bombed a hospital severely.

Early on Tuesday there were more heavy bombings. At 8 a.m. I saw crowds of parachutists coming down in the area south-west of Canea. There were swarms of parachutists as well as troop carriers and gliders all round the south and south-west. Simultaneously, parachutists landed north of Canea and tried to land at Maleme.

The landing of the parachutists went on steadily for four hours until noon, with continual machine-gunning of the town and olive groves and dog fights wherever the parachutists landed.

The King fortunately had had a "hunch" and, leaving his house south-west of Canea the night before, had gone to that of the Prime Minister at Perivolia to be with him.

At this point Col. Blunt took up the story. He explained that the King was in a house commanding a wide view of the countryside, guarded by an escort of Greek gendarmerie and a platoon of New Zealanders under the command of 2nd Lt. W. H. Ryan.

They were aroused by the roar of a squadron of Messerschmitts, and King George, Prince Peter, his cousin, and the Prime Minister came out to watch them. After the Messerschmitts came bombers, bombing targets where they thought there were troops. Col. Blunt went on:

Out of the smoke of the bombardment we saw a very large force of planes coming in from the north, and took cover in trenches. Large gliders appeared above the house, circling round for a long time, and we did not see them land, though others landed later at the bottom of the King's garden.

It was clear that a landing was going to take place, and shortly afterwards we saw troop-carrying planes flying from the west, very low and in chains of threes. They seemed endless.

Then the parachutists started coming down. In the same area where the King had been the day before a company of parachutists, estimated to number 150-200 men, came down.

It was a most extraordinary sight. Their parachutes were red or green. Through the glasses one could see the French chalk in which they were packed popping off as they came out of the containers. The nearest were about 800 yards away.

The parachutists seemed to come down all at once, and they descended rapidly. We saw many parachutes which did not open and let the men fall straight to the ground.

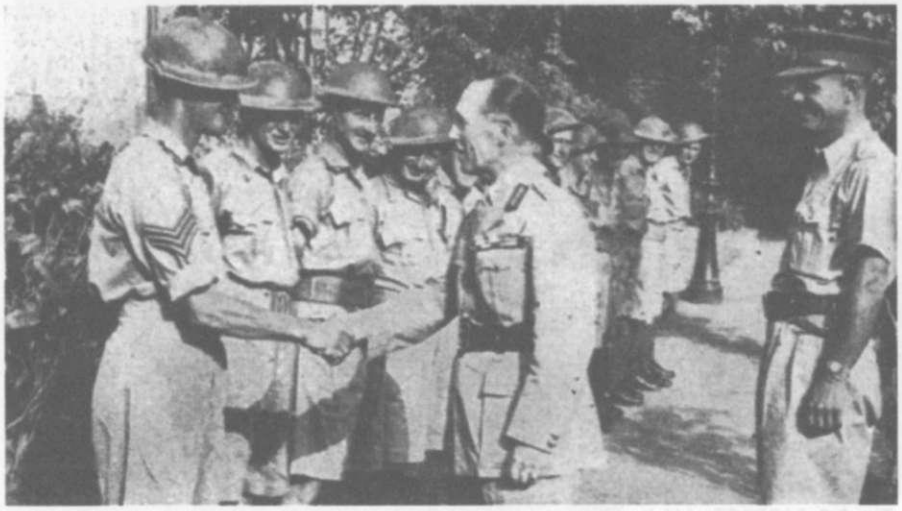
There was a great deal of machine-gunning from the planes, and firing by our anti-aircraft and by our troops in all directions. We decided that it was no use staying, as our house would obviously be attacked as a useful observation post.

With difficulty owing to the low-flying planes we collected our party. The whole thing happened so quickly that we could not get transport and took to the hills, literally with what we could carry in our hands.

We saw another flight of parachutists come down on our road, and had to climb a 1,500-ft. hill in the heat of a very hot day. Every five to 10 yards we had to take cover as hundreds of planes were whizzing about in every direction.

Col. Blount explained that everyone was nervous of Germans in British and Greek uniforms, and parties indulged in much shouting before meeting, thinking the others were parachutists.

After climbing the ridges they arrived at noon at a cave, occupied by a Cretan



KING GEORGE, who narrowly escaped capture in Crete, as related in this page, was eventually evacuated from the island, protected by an escort of New Zealanders. The King of the Hellenes is seen thanking some of the escort, which was commanded by 2nd Lt. W. H. Ryan (right). *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

shepherd and his family, beside a little spring. They sheltered there until three o'clock, when they continued their journey to Panagya.

From there Col. Blunt tried to get into touch with Canea. The situation, however, was confused with much fighting and he had to abandon the attempt.

Eventually he succeeded in telephoning to Suda to arrange for the embarkation of the King during Thursday night.

Throughout the three days' ordeal, he said, the bearing of everybody from his Majesty downwards was all that one could desire. His Majesty treated it like an outing and seemed bored at having to take cover from the planes. (*Reuter.*)

JONATHAN MILLS, ex-Seaforth Highlander, invalided out of the Army after Dunkirk, saved a mother and baby during a raid on a S.E. coast town. The story is told below.
Photo, L.N.A.

I Saw a Marine Corporal Firing to the Last

The magnificent work of the Royal Marines in Crete earned special recognition from General Wavell. A typical exploit was that told below of Lance-Corporal Thomas Neill, who kept his Bofors gun firing to the last.

DURING the withdrawal from Suda Bay the Royal Marines formed the rear-guard, and some of them manned the anti-aircraft defences. On reaching Egypt, Marine Patrick Mahoney of Liverpool told this story. He said :

From the moment the Nazis started the attack on Canea, Lance-Corporal Neill, with three companions helping to operate an A.A. gun and two others passing ammunition, fired almost continuously.

Each time a group of Nazi dive-bombers came over us, Neill would let all but the last plane pass before opening fire, concentrating on that one. To my knowledge, he got nine within two days, and at least 20 within a fortnight.

HEROIC MARINES IN CRETE

General Wavell to General Weston, of the Royal Marines, May 31 :—

You know the heroic effort the Navy has made to rescue you. I hope you will be able to get away most of those who remain, but this is the last night the Navy can come. Please tell those that have to be left that the fight put up against such odds has won the admiration of us all, and every effort to bring them back is being made. General Freyberg has told me how magnificently your Marines have fought, and of your own grand work. I have heard also of the heroic fight of young Greek soldiers. I send you all my grateful thanks.

The Nazis soon learned Neill's strategy, so they decided to get him by trickery. They kept sending over 10 to 20 planes, but behind this group three more.

Neill took his usual shots at the last machine in the first formation, and the following three planes plastered his position repeatedly with sticks of heavy bombs. But they failed to get him.

He countered the Nazi trick by some fast thinking, went on Mahoney. He attached his gun to a light lorry. Immediately after firing at the last plane of each group of bombers, he hopped on the lorry and moved the gun to a new position.

The German bombs kept bursting away on positions Neill had just left. His gun, camouflaged with brush, was kept in action continuously. On one occasion it shot down two out of ten bombers.

Mahoney concluded : I last saw Neill near Canea on May 27. He was with two companions, the only survivors from a gun crew of six, against a background of blazing trees set alight by a petrol dump which was blown up by the dive-bombers.

He was singing and shouting as he blazed away at the swooping planes. I hope he got away safely. (*B.U.P.*)

L.-Cpl. NEILL, the story of whose exploits is related above, was one of those "magnificent Marines" who formed the rearguard of the evacuation from Crete.
Photo, G.P.U.

How I Got Mother and Child Out of the Ruins

After serving in France with the Seaforth Highlanders, Jonathan Mills was invalided out shortly after Dunkirk. He tells here how, when a S.E. coast town was raided a year later, he tunnelled his way through wreckage to the rescue of a mother and two children.

MILLS was about to leave for work when his house was shaken by the explosion of a bomb that had fallen streets away.

He ran to the spot and heard muffled cries coming from the ground floor back room of a shattered house. What happened next is described in his own words.

I dug a tunnel through the wreckage, propping up debris with pieces of wood.

As I crawled through the tunnel I came upon the handle of a pram sticking out of a heap of broken bricks. I tore away the bricks and uncovered the pram in which I felt a kiddy's leg.

There was a baby about a year old in the pram, and before I pulled it out I remembered to put my finger into its mouth and draw out dirt and dust to save it from suffocating.

After I had carried the baby to safety, I crawled back through the tunnel and came upon a wrecked bed which had been overturned. I broke off the back of the bed, chopped through the springs, then slit up the mattress and pulled out the feathers.

There was a woman in the bed and one of her legs was pinned down by a length of twisted piping. This I cut through with a hacksaw handed down to me by other rescuers.

Now I reached down to the woman's head and managed to get a bottle to her mouth and let her have a wee drop. She said, "There's another baby there."

I smelt gas and shouted to get it turned off, and then, after I had given her another drop, they got the woman out.

Going forward, I found the other kiddy's cot, and as soon as I had got the child free a bit I sucked at its mouth and blew back again to see if there was any life in it, but unfortunately there wasn't. (*The Star.*)

Siftings From the News

Double whisky and a peach now cost the same—2s.

Covent Garden dealer given three months for doubling wholesale price of oranges.

Another profiteer sentenced to three months and £100 fine for over-charge on sale of eggs.

Hitler reported to possess a 50-acre estate at Bogota, Colombia, as secret "hideaway."

U.S. Navy announced that mines were being sown in lower bay of New York harbour.

Test flight of new American R.A.F. bomber showed it to be as fast as most fighter planes.

"New Poor" of Hove, formerly one of wealthiest towns, now queue up for 9d. communal meals.

Australia is supplying 2,300,000 pairs of boots for oversea troops by February, 1942.

Expert survey of St. Paul's Cathedral revealed that general stability was unaffected by bombing.

President Roosevelt issued warning regarding alleged discrimination against negroes in defence industries.

Before the war we smoked 195-197 million pounds of tobacco annually ; present consumption is at rate of 230-240 million pounds.

"Battle of Britain" is to be published in U.S.A. in book form.

American women, now war-conscious, are abandoning extravagant style of dress in favour of sober fashions.

Five men were hanged in Polish market squares for smuggling sugar from Wartheland to Warsaw.

By end of June all British prisoners of war will have received a new outfit of clothes.

Forty-three women Fascists, thirty of British nationality, have been interned at Port Erin.

U.S. Maritime Commission disclosed that ship production has surpassed 1918 record.

During first year of war number of children under 14 found guilty of indictable offences increased by 41 per cent.

Axis ships seized in Mexican ports will be used on a new service between Vera Cruz and New York.

Buenos Aire ban on Chaplin's "Great Dictator," imposed at request of Italian ambassador, now removed.

Germans stated to be releasing 100,000 French prisoners of war.

The Editor's Postscript

AN employee of the Amalgamated Press, now a leading seaman in the R.N.R., tells me, in a letter from the Western Desert, he was in the advance against the "Wops" when they were chased beyond Benghazi and, at the last point which the Italians abandoned there, copies of "The War Illustrated" came up with the supplies. "There was great competition for them and all who were able to secure a copy or get a loan of one regarded themselves as very fortunate." He himself had the good luck to find four different numbers in an Australian outpost. "W.I." certainly does get about.

AMONG the letters that have reached my desk recently from all parts of the Empire there is one that took about three months to get here. Less than two weeks would have sufficed before the War. It has come from the island of Malta and I am sure my readers will welcome some excerpts from it giving a lively glimpse of life in that little isle of heroes, about which we have not heard enough. The writer, a bright young Maltese, Miss X (I discreetly withhold her name) has many things to tell me.

"Once (she writes) you said that you could best identify the Nazi from the English planes by their drone. When we were staying at a seaside place, I used to distinguish the Italian planes from the English ones by their drone, too, especially during the night. On hearing the peculiar hammering noise of the enemy planes I used to tell those near me, 'They are coming. These are not ours, you know.' 'But how do you know that?' they would reply. 'Oh, because I know.' For them any plane had the same noise as any other.

AS a spirited Maltese, rightly proud of her ancient island homeland—there is surely no other 90 square miles of land with such a long and inspiring history—Miss X goes on:

"I don't think there is enough written about our little island and its part in the War. We were and are subject to beastly air raids, of course not so intense as those on London, but our island is small, and in comparison we have suffered heavily, too. I wish to see printed some adventures experienced by Maltese people; there are many who could tell. I, myself, have been witness of some of the most thrilling 'dog-fights' ever seen in our blue sky. We are not afraid of the 'Ciccini Maccaroni'; we got used to their cowardice pretty quickly. They came, of course, because if they do not show off a bit they die. But how they go to 'the sunny-side up, up, up,' above the clouds! And on seeing our fighters they hurry off after having bombed and destroyed our coal mine, railway station and munition factories—when we have none of these. And they broadcast this great news from their Rome station, too. The silly asses! The British fighter pilots are grand. When I see one plane going right into an enemy formation, zooming upon them like a mad bull and scattering them right and left, I jump with joy and must hug somebody, since I can't hug plane and all. They are really wonderful."

SO you see that the spirit of Malta is not unlike the spirit of London itself, and although our Maltese friends are now being bombed by airmen who are as ferocious as the little Wops were futile, I have no doubt that the Maltese—the island's population is no more than that of Portsmouth—"can take it." My lively young correspondent will find when she gets this number of "The War Illustrated"—alas two or three months hence—that in giving Malta another show in our pages I have taken the opportunity to put right a very venial error that appeared so far back as No. 62, where the picture of the Porte des Bombes, on which the first bomb fell, was stated to be in Valletta. It is really in Floriana, a little to the south-west of the capital. There is an exactly similar gateway known as the King's Gate in Valletta. Myself, I have done no more than look at Malta from the deck of a P. & O., but I still cherish the hope of visiting the island to explore the remarkable remains of its Stone Age civilization, to the description of which I devoted many pages by Professor Peet in my "Wonders of the Past." Malta's defence against the Hun promises to be one of the wonders of the present, and here's good luck to the Maltese—and to lively Miss X!

AIR MARSHAL SIR P. B. JOUBERT DE LA FERTÉ, new Coastal Command Chief, was seconded to R.F.C. in 1913. He is one of Britain's greatest authorities on long-distance flying over sea. Commanded R.A.F., India, 1937-39. *Photo, Howard Coster*

CALLING all Gorillas . . . in Zoo or Jungle! An apology. To which I am constrained by a charming letter from Strone, a much loved haunt of my remote youth "doon the watter," at the mouth of Holy Loch. First, I must print the letter from Mrs. Lilian M. Russell, which has disturbed me to complete contrition for having in a thoughtless moment been guilty of a more than odious comparison:

"I was grieved to see your insulting references to gorillas in your issue of June 6th. I fear your knowledge of them must be derived from Du Chaillu's imaginings. Why attribute foulness to the gorilla? I have spent some four years in the gorilla country, the Gabun Province of French Equatorial Africa, have known several young ones personally, and heard little but good of their elders. Far from being 'foul,' they are monogamists, and are reputed to live an exemplary family life. Nor are they savage: All agree that they never attack man unless first attacked by man. I knew an Englishman who on four separate occasions met adult male gorillas face to face on narrow jungle trails, and after a stare each went aside into the bush and let him pass. I saw a native hunter who had wounded one and had his leg and foot badly mauled when he was absolutely at the gorilla's mercy. A man would have killed his enemy; the gorilla was satisfied to punish him and let him go. Nor are their brows very low and ugly. I have seen a very large dead male who had a really 'good' face and well-shaped head. In the chapter on Gorillas in my book, 'My Monkey Friends' (pub. A. & C. Black), I give some account of young ones, and there are four photographs showing animals with brows which certainly convey no suggestion of foul ancestry. Surely *homo sapiens*, especially the white variety, is THE foul and brutal animal *par excellence!*

This needs no answer. I have always enjoyed every line of your postscripts until I came to this poor gorilla. One must stick up for one's cousins!"

NOW, after that, I will never insult a gorilla again and I hereby apologize to the whole species (Sir Arthur Keith thinks there are not so many as 50,000 in existence: "a dying race"); but I did actually write: "nay, it is a libel on the anthropoid to compare them",—Hess and the Gorilla! For, besides reading Du Chaillu's account of his discoveries so long ago that his statements had not then been accepted by naturalists, I have always been glad to make further book acquaintance with the Gorilla in later years. Though my intention to see an actual specimen at the London Zoo is still unfulfilled, I did witness an amazing film of Gorilla-land in Paris ten or fifteen years ago and had the pleasure of publishing in my "Wonders of Animal Life" a chapter by Sir Arthur Keith which alone should have reminded me that our relative the Gorilla was at heart a gentle beast if unprovoked but fierce and formidable when attacked. The Nazi is a ferocious beast if unprovoked and still more ferocious if his quarry attempts to defend himself. The Gorilla has one characteristic in common with Hitler, however, he's a vegetarian.

I STILL think, despite Mrs. Russell's gallant defence of the greatest of the apes, that his beetling brows are rather suggestive of Hess's in the photograph I had in mind, though a re-examination of the gorilla portraits I published in "Wonders of Animal Life" proves to me that the frontal occipital process to which I referred is not entirely characteristic of the species. But I will say that Hess has a better nose than any gorilla. Only another word in self-defence: "gorilla" is a name that has long denoted savagery and dates back to Hanno, the Carthaginian traveller of 500 B.C., who first applied it to the "wild man" of Western equatorial Africa of whom he related hair-raising stories! But we live and learn and all of us who have had the misfortune to live in the era of the German Blonde Beast must cherish tenderer thoughts of gorillas and alligators, sharks and tigers.

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